

There's a 50/50 chance
the device won't kill us.
For St. Charlie, those
are good odds.



We need
another
plan.

We could reboot
the science network.
Shuts down
everything.



Everything?

Everything tagged
"experimental." But
that includes the
Victor Device and
GoDOT's door.



What
else?

There! I've
wired all the
city's lights
to my
experimental
generator!

Same with
my zombie
pheromone
containment
system!



Wait, ~~you~~
can get
GODOT's
door open?

Indeed.
Don't know
why no one
suggested
this.

Hey, everyone! We
fought our way back
and—



... Ohhh.
That's why.

Mr. McGuire,
I hope that's
you gnawing
on my
shoulder blade.





GODOT's mental tricks don't work on me...because my mind isn't here.



Classified. Paint is, "Violet Bee" is merely a complex remote drone.



Glial essence. Dab the right stuff behind an ear, you don't **need** brains.



Is this a veiled comment about my perfume?



You can make **anything** you want smell like brains?



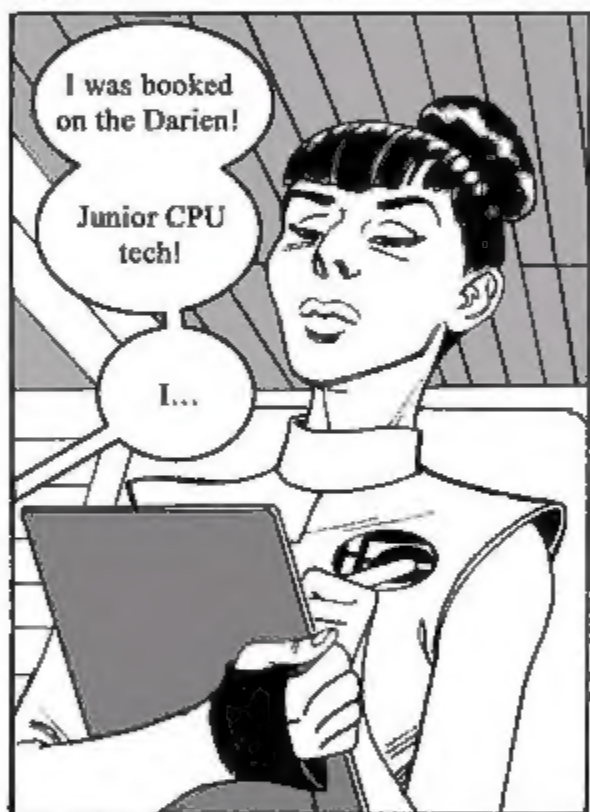


...wonders, Engineer
Terpomo, you'll never
see.



Please, ma'am!
Ask the board again!

I know what I did was
wrong—I'm willing to be
punished—but dropping me
to Class Two?



I was booked
on the Darien!

Junior CPU
tech!

I...



sigh



Let's walk,
Akuba.



The Happy Family
Corporation sells many things...
well, everything, really.

I know.
Every kid grows
up knowing—

But, more than anything,
we're in the people business.

THE TOOTH
TASTEST!

SPECIAL
CLOWN
MUG!
GET
YOURS
TODAY!

HOT DOGS

HOLOVIDS
LIKE WATCHING
REALITY!™

DEEP SPACE
TUNGSTEN
MINING

EARN
COLLEGE
MONEY
FAST!

Face facts,
agents.
You need
me.

I need
you like
I need
another
hole in
my head.



GODOT can't
affect me, so —

Yeah, do your big
villain speech
about how we have
to let you jerk...
us...



Unity,
tell me
what
you're
doing.

Okay, I'm
confused. Do
you need the
hole or not?



I don't
want either
listed item,
was my
point.

Well, geez,
good thing
I didn't
wait till you
fell asleep.







Nick, the train's disabled and we're in the midst of a zombie rampage.

What?!



©2004 DC

Last time you were kvetching about your lesbo date with that fairy godmother Violet. What've you been doing?



©2004 DC

Well, for starters, I put you on speakerphone.



Oh.

Um, hi, Violet.



Lesbo date and zombie rampage is a good day.

You can't go
off with
Skin Horse!
I'm still in
charge of this
mission!

Ms. Bee,
these
people
need me.



Going out into
that darkness
terrifies me.
But Nick and I
have a chance to
save St
Charlie



I think...
I need to do
some good
for once



As for me, I figure
maybe I can finally
make a run for it.

Yes, go,
go.



Tip, grab
that gun,
you always
pull out of
someone.

Handbag
today,
and check



Unity, cut a path.
Lee, have Nick on
the line. Sergio, stick
close and don't die.



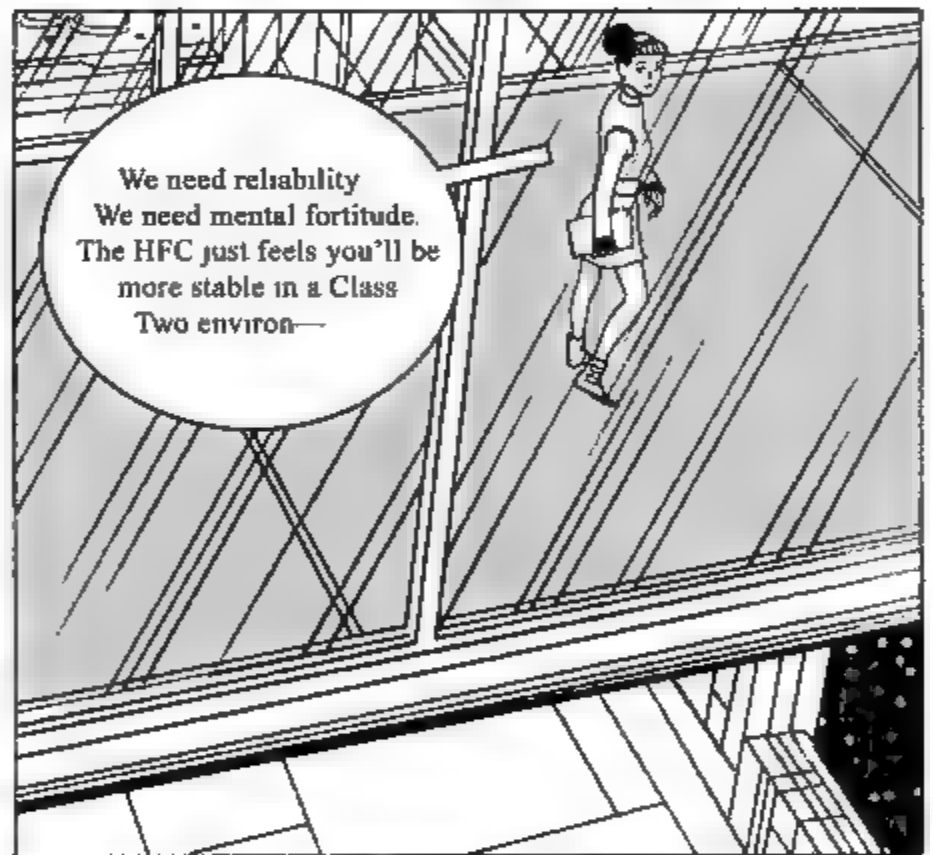
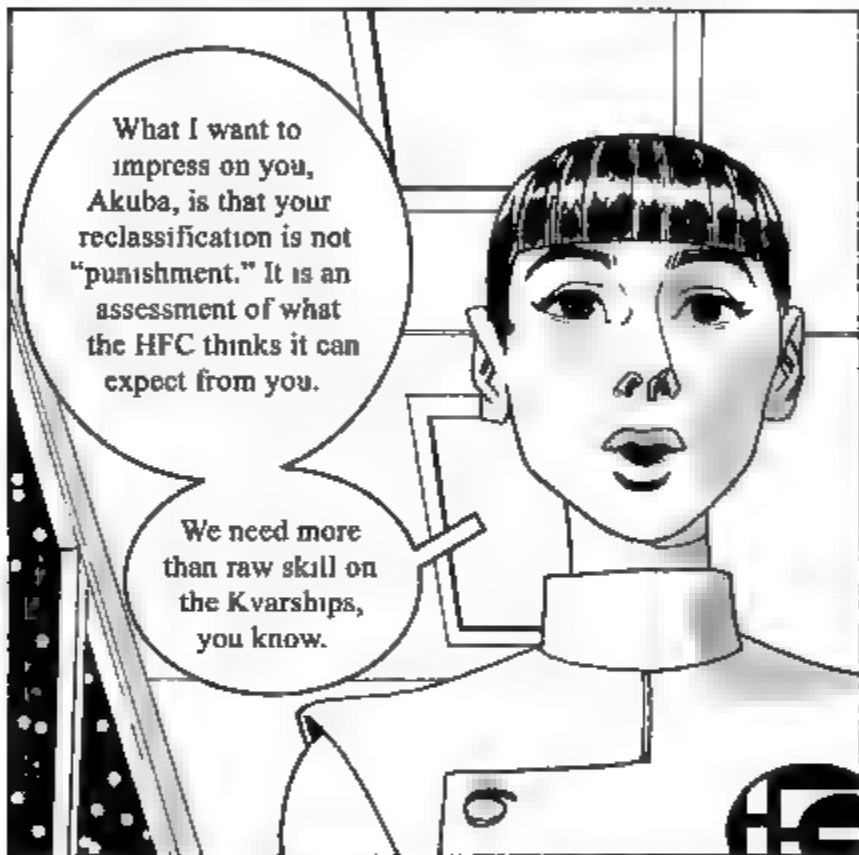
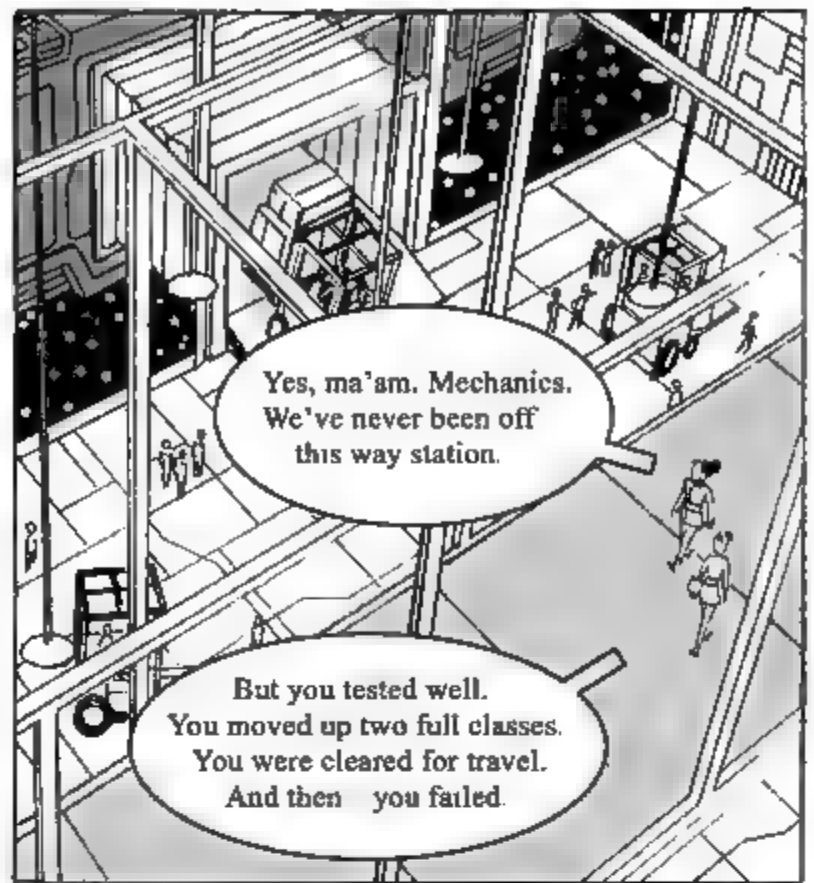
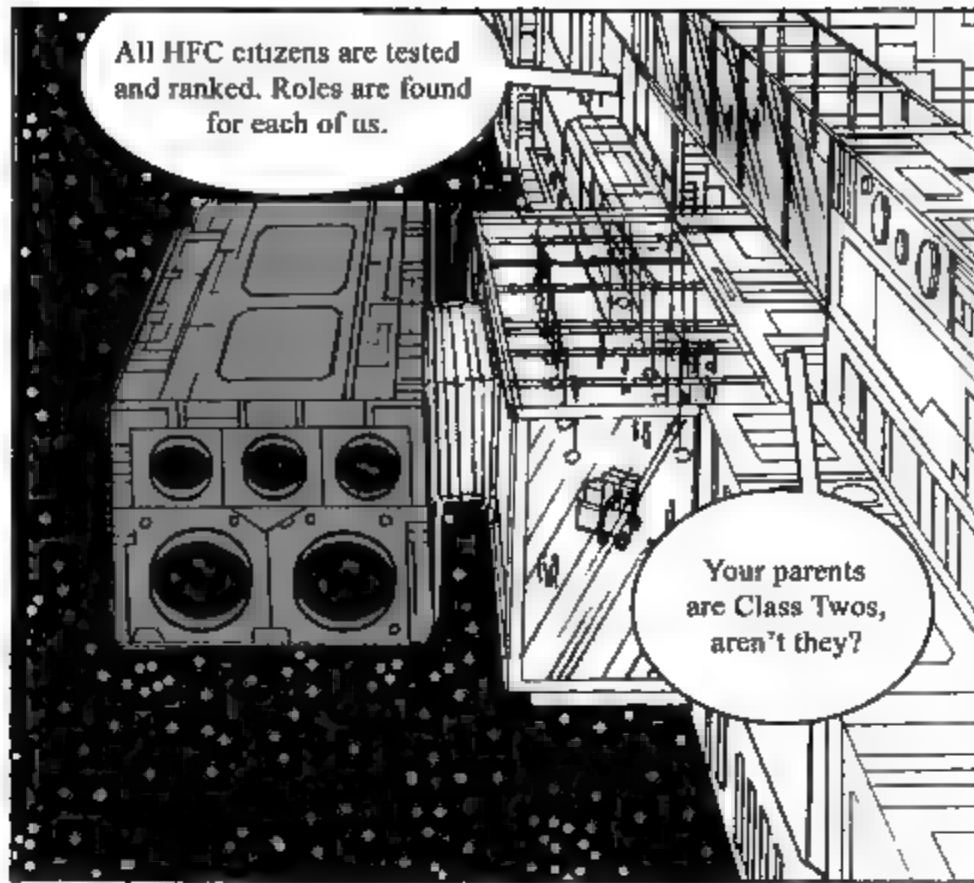
All right, team.
Let's show these
zombies the future
of rail travel.



I think we
handled that well

Shut up, sir.











PERFECTLY
SAFE CORRIDOR
→



Nick,
can you
translate?

Radioactive
oxide test
corridor.

Well, that answers that.
Come on, troops.



PERFECTLY SAFE
CORRIDOR



PERFECTLY
SAFE CORRIDOR
→



Also, the
arrow points
to the left.

Come on,
troops.

WARNING
LOOSE
CROCODILES

Okay, that
looks like a
transit map.

WARNING
LOOSE
CROCODILES

That's a
ventilation
blueprint.

WARNING
LOOSE
CROCODILES

That says,
"Warning, loose
crocodiles."

Are
you
sure?

Why didn't anybody
warn me about the
loose crocodiles?

Petty sure.

Well, we've
made it
to the
staterooms.

Are you
all right?

Yes,
yes...

It's St. Charlie.
A rare chance to
observe mad genius
at
work...

...and it's just
overpaid idiots
screwing around.

Guys! I found that
stuff of Violet's that
smells like brains but
I spilled it all over
myself!

The major
difference
being the
salary.

Don't worry.
She mopped
it up with my
Kate Spade.



Well, dag,
now even
I want to
eat me.

Okay.
Stay calm.
Tip,
status?



Cuticles just
terrible at this
point.

Bullet
status!



Oh.
Low

Hey, grackles, I'm
picking up zombie
pheromones at your
location.

Ooh, yeah,
I can totes
smell that.



Well, then,
let's head out -

**EVERYONE JUST
FUPPING STAY CALM
ALL RIGHT**

*BTW, nice
pheromone
detector app.*



Thanks!







RUGH!!

The guard dogs!
They've got me!

Hang on!
I'm coming!

AAAAA

Ahh...

Its teeth
are like
tiny
needles!

I can see
we're primed
to strike
terror into the
undead horde

Map says the food court is through that tunnel.

The terrifying one?

NOTHING OF INTEREST HERE

"Man dies of cold, not of darkness." Miguel de Unamuno.

He says anything about zombie hordes?

I think he predated the invention of the modern zombie.

What about angry dogs?

Loose wires?

I guess "Man dies of zombies, dogpacks, and/or electrocution" lacks that pithy ring.

Gas leaks.

Lasers.

Bears.



Yikes. You think we
can fix this thing?

Doubtful

This is mad tech.
It probably needs
a straight-6
tax flywheel or
something

So we're plucked.

No! I'll just build
my own, ~~simple~~
brain sending
machine!

Please step
away from
that sentence
and reassess.

It'll be
a hit at
the office
picnic!

We just
flood the
artificial
ECM with
cytokines -

I get the
concept, but
the advanced
mechanics
escape me.



I'll slow down -

No, I'm an
accomplished
physicist! There
~~must~~ be something
I can contribute!



Sigh.
shooting
stuff
it is

Och, and
can I
get a
sandwich?





If I don't make it back, Virginia, it's been a pleasure.

Kiss her! What are you, gay?

Yes.

I mean, this could be the last you see of each other and -

What what?

Well, bi, but I generally date men -

Nick! Sergio has no interest in me!

Oh, awesome. In that case, don't die.

In fact, could you introduce me to Dr. Wilkin?

Only if you tick me off.

In 480 BCE, Leonidas I of Sparta was tasked with holding the pass at Thermopylae against Persia.



Though outnumbered over ten to one, his forces, including 300 Spartan warriors, held the pass for three days.

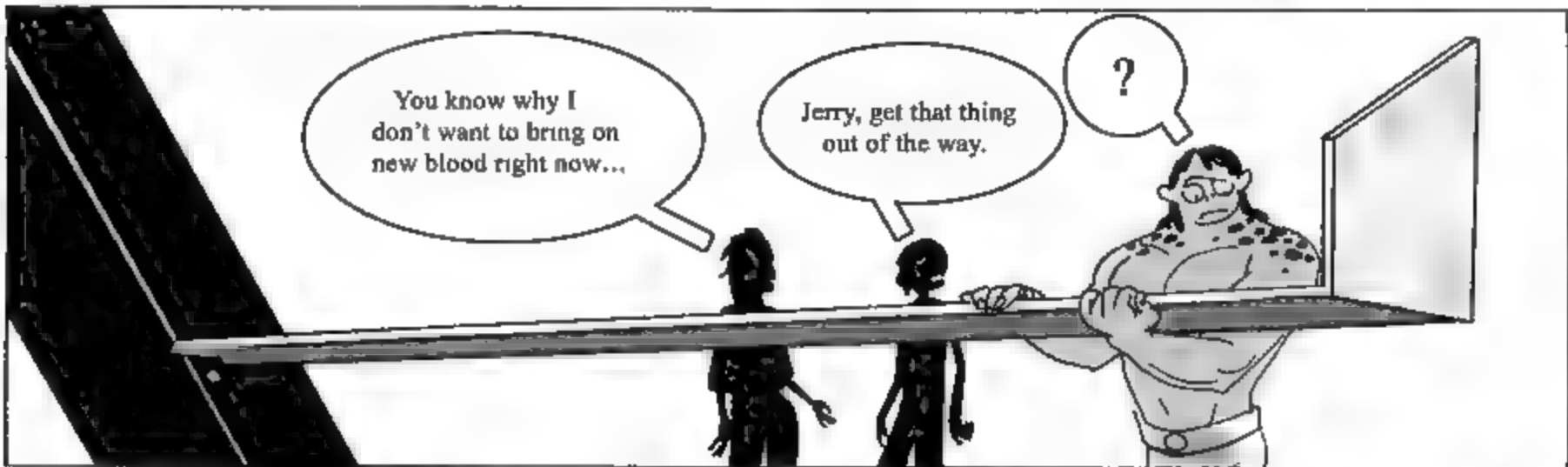
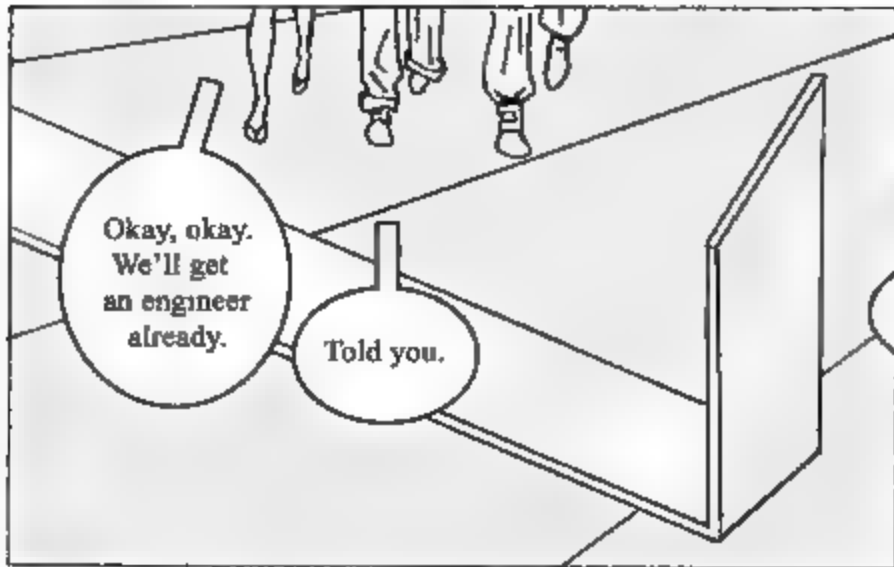
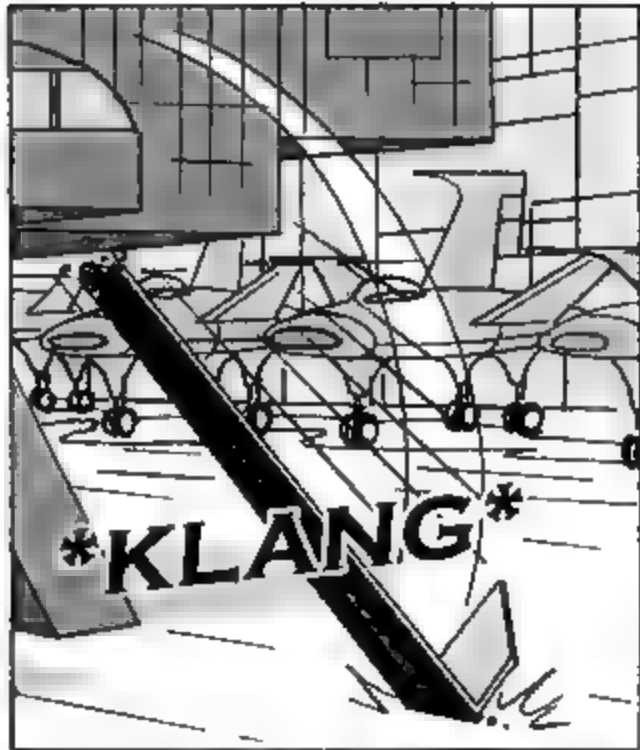
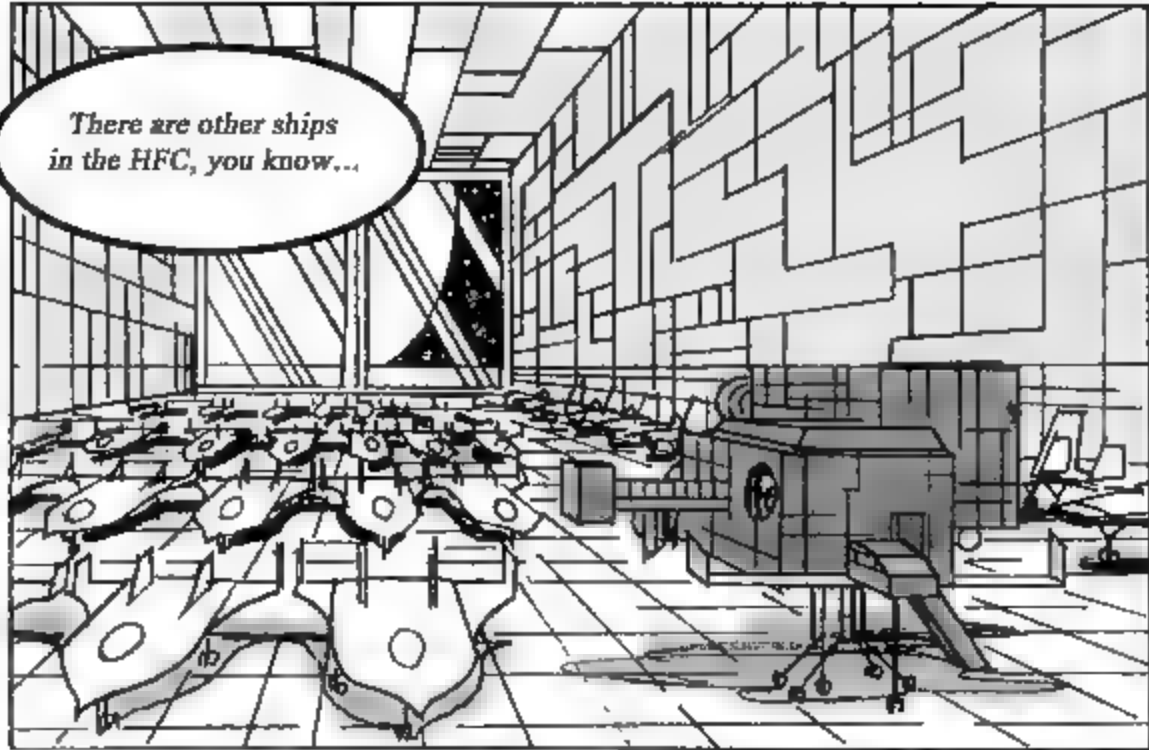


I suddenly find myself wishing I had 300 Spartans behind me..



And not for the usual reasons! That's the last time I tell you anything!









not going to scream not
going to scream not

Listen Dr. Lee.

To your right
is an access port
you can take.

Scream not going to
scream not going to
scream not

Key, you're
safe

You
sure?

Pretty sure

WAAAAA

Turns
out I
lie
a lot.

Thanks
for not
caring me
with ears,
BTW.









The
zombies
are
leaving..

Cuz the
Brain-O-Mat's
working!
I can
smell it!



I'd best go
supervise.

You just want
to eat brains!



Just a
little
some-
thing to
get the
neurons
firing

Dammit,
we can't
jeopardize
this mission
by being
smart!



Yes,
why
start
now?

I'm just saying,
brains are
distracting!



Well, we made it.
GODOT
is up
ahead.

Are we
prepared?

Just remember,
his only power is
~~words~~. Words
can't hurt you.

LOREM IPSUM DO
BIT AMET, CONSE
ADI DICINGUPT
DOCTILAVE

Addendum! Words
can hurt at over
140 decibets!

Coo! Ears
really **do**
bleed!





Unity! You can't go
in there like that!

Why not?



She can't hear!
All she can do is
yell and beat the
crap out of
things!



What were we
expecting her to
do, exactly?



Okay, Unity, all systems
go with the usual!

Yup, with mustard!







ALL THE KIDS AT HOME - 1945 - 1946
MAY 1945 - 1946

SO

ARE YOU THE
SMART VERSION
OR THE
ASININE
ONE



ALSO

HOW DID YOU
ESCAPE MY
NOISE ATTACK



On

Yeah, I stabbed
pencils in my
ears.



AH

TWO QUESTIONS
ANSWERED
AT ONCE



You're
welcome!

Okay, pal, you need
to disarm that
bomb in the engine.

THERE
IS NO
BOMB

Crud! I
know it!

OF COURSE
YOU
WOULD
INTUIT
MY
PLAN

YOU KNEW
I COULD USE
THE MERE
SUGGESTION
OF A CRISIS
TO PUSH THE
CITY TO
DESTROY
ITSELF.

No, I figured there
was no bomb because
I never get to play
with splodey stuff.

I FORGOT
I AM
TALKING
TO THE
STUPID ONE

GODOT, you
gotta knock
this off.

YOU THINK
I DO
NOT
WISH
TO SHUT
DOWN
?

WHEN ALL ELSE
IS GONE
MY DESTRUCTIVE
PROTOCOLS
DRIVE ME

Yeah, I
get that
way
too.

IS IT BECAUSE
YOU HAVE FAILED
IN YOUR
FUNCTION
AS I HAVE

Usually
it's when
we run
out of
pretzel
M&Ms.

I WANT TO
BE YOU

When it
comes to
stopping
my death
rage, peanut
butter don't
cut it.

Are you telling me
you ~~want~~ to shut
down?

YES

BUT
I CANNOT
UNTIL I
COMPLETE
MY FUNCTION

I HAVE BEEN
TRAPPED IN
THIS LOOP
SINCE I WAS
TASKED
WITH
CREATING
YOUR
IRRESOLVABLE
ACRONYM

It ain't really
that hard

YOU SAY THAT
BECAUSE
YOU HAVE
NEVER
ATTEMPTED
SUCH A
HOPELESS
TASK

No, I say that cuz
I picked an acronym
for myself like eight
months ago

TODAY
IS

YOU

COMPLETED
YOUR OWN
ACRONYM

Yup
And it's
really
great!



...
CAN I SEE IT

Sure.

CAOX



scribble
scribble



IT
IT'S PERFECT

Yeah, I
usually
like to
write it in
ear guts.



PROGRAM
COMPLETE
SHUTTING
down

Wait! No!
Come
back!



I'll help!
I'll fix you!
I'll—

KCHUNK
zzzzzz

klick



SPiRiTS

a Couscous Collective collection



Shaenon K. Garity • Chloe Dalquist • Eyan Waldinger
Andrew Farago • Lauren Davis • Karen Luk
Liz Conley • Pancha Diaz





FLIT

Comm's
back
up.



Okay!
St Charlie,
GODOT
is offline.

You're clear to restart
the Engine. And to
answer the question
you brought us all
here to answer...



...the public and
private sectors won
your challenge by
working **together**.



I certainly feel good
that so many died
for that sociopolitical
point.



Buzzkill.
Most of 'em will
get revived.





I don't know who you are, but—

Oh, wait. I know who **you** are.

What?

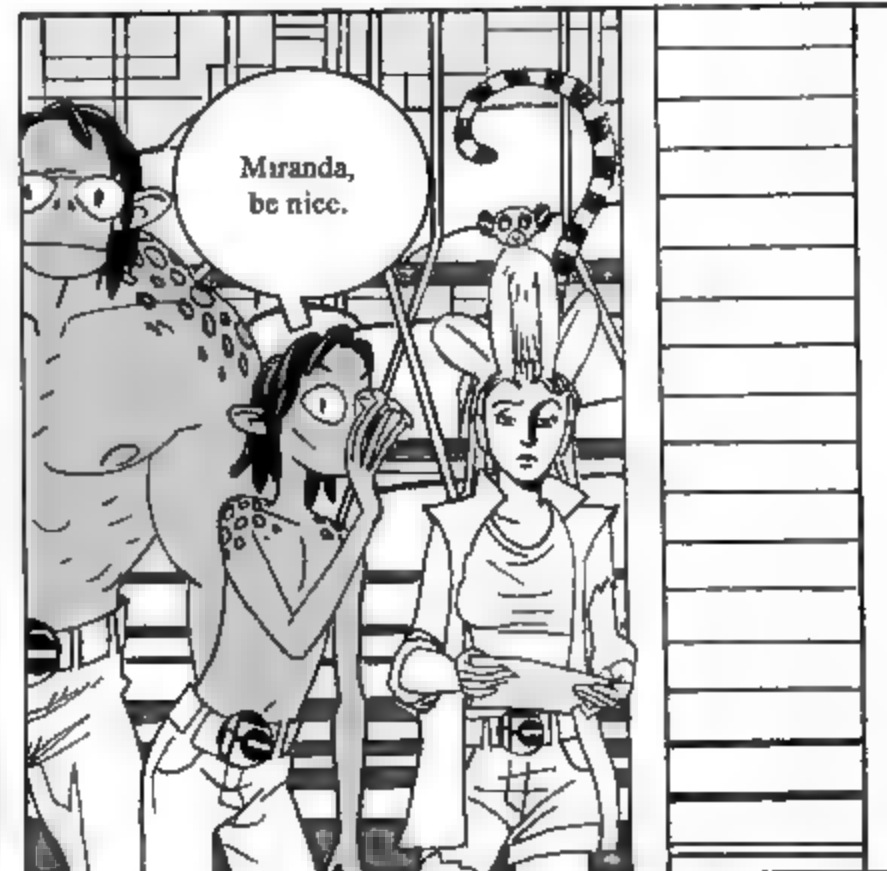
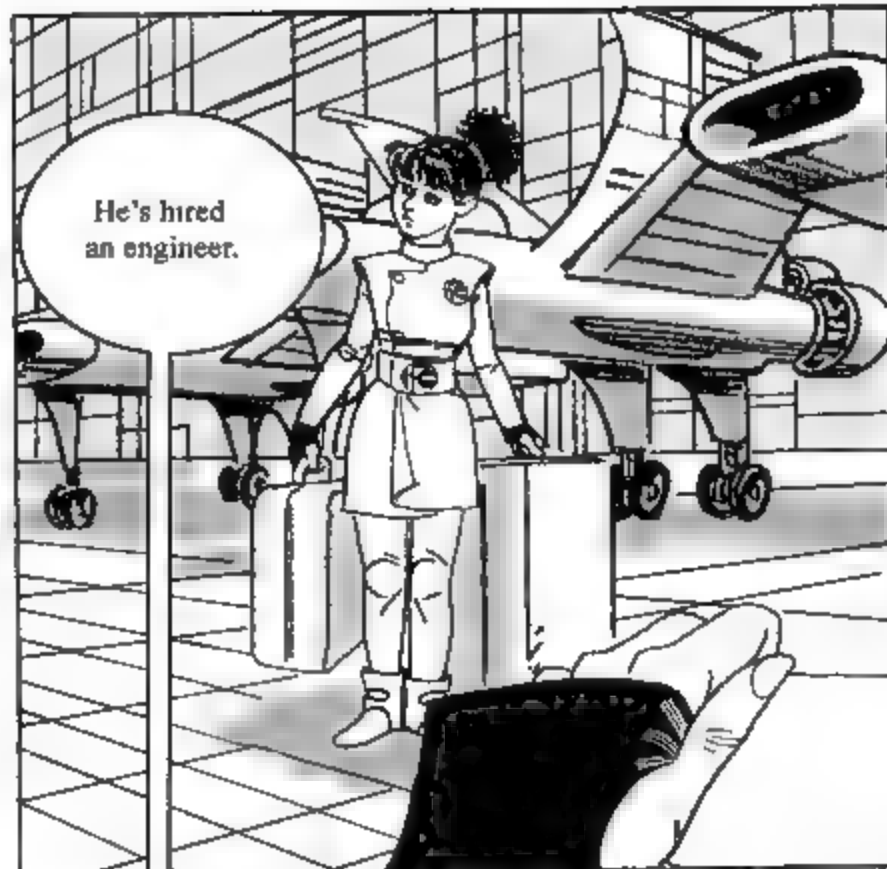
I recognize your model. It was in *Unpopular Mechanics*.

And your off switch is right... **here.**

Klik

no... such... magazine... as... *Unpopular Mechanics*...

Yes there is. It's just unpopular.







I swear, Sergio and I have no idea if Violet's planning anything.



Perhaps I can help.

I have consumed enough brains that I am now the smartest inhabitant of this enclosed system.



My stochastic skills are such that I can provide Ms. Bee's response to any question with 99.3% accuracy.



I've got a question for her -



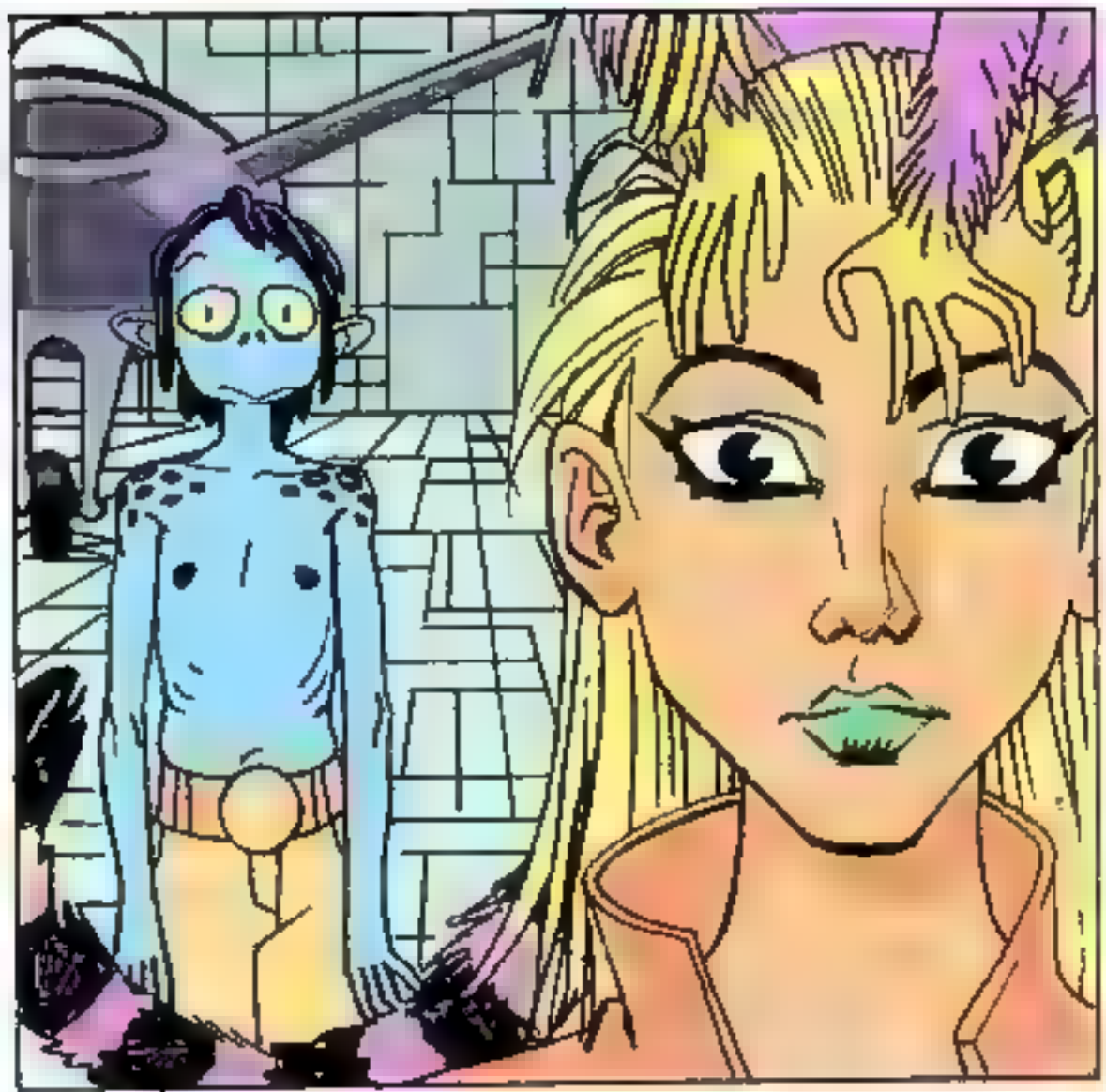
Commando. Hurry up; I'm gonna hurl soon.











The door to the Engine is locked!

I'm punch through! Meanwhile, get Violet off the controls.

The Engine runs on a dead man's switch. Incapacitate Violet and we're golden.

WHAM

WHAM
WHAM

This is so fixing freaky.

It's like she's Smart Hulk, with the brains ~~and~~ the muscles.

Ooh, from original Secret Wars.

Alternately, from Peter David's 1991 run.

*This is turning me on and that's **not** okay.*

Until Unity breaks
down the door, nothing
can get
into the
Engine.

Words
can!



Are those guard
dogs still in
there?

Smells
like, yes.



Excellent!
Watch me save
the city with my
knowledge of
German!



GERMAN

It can be used
for good.

A public service announcement from
the American Council on the Teaching
of Foreign Languages.



I won't talk!
Don't have to!
I can *totes* still predict you at 62% correctness!

Check this out.
You're thinking, "If I can't have this city, **no one** can!"

Then you'll set your robot body to self-destruct and blow us all to kingdom come.

And when you start burning, you'll be like, "And if I **smoke?**" and—

Can we go back to the port where she explodes?

Drone operator calling
Contra. Incinerate this
drone and set me up a
baler maker.

Who **are** you?
What's your
plan?

Did you think this
is a **big** thing?
The reports just
go up. The point
is, they're—

SELF-DESTRUCT
IN 30 SECONDS—

Un-
oh.

Omigodh,
you know what
this means?

She's
gonna
blow up
the cute
doggies!

I take it
the brows
are
wearing
off.

SELF-DESTRUCT
IN TEN-NINE-

Dr. Lee!
Get the suits
outta—

Nick? I'll be
back later.

SIX-FIVE-FOUR-

What's
No—
bip

Unity,
cover
your ears.

THREE-TWO-

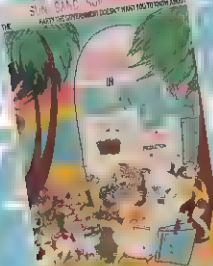
Buttermilk
pancakes.

SYSTEM
OVERRIDE
POWERING
DOWN

Well!
Who's
hungry?

You know, I
don't even
care. Let's
just go
home.

THE
SUN SAND SUB
PARTY THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT



www.ahs.com

I knew it! Violet runs on my neural interface, same as Wick! Whoever built her didn't bother to remove my backdoors!



The surge fried her transmitter. The operator probably has no idea she's still intact.

Sooo... free robot?



I don't want to return her to A-Sig or leave her in St. Charlie. If only there were a trustworthy third option...



Meh, why not?

Don't tell me you're adding that thing to your doll collection.



I help of will not tell you that.

Violet's another
one of your
inventions,
Dr. Lee?

Well,
she
uses my
tech.



I should've known.
Of course A-S-g
applied my work
on Nick to its
drone
program.



No doubt all my
projects have been
adapted to new
ends... and some
have such potential
for misuse
...



Like what
projects
are those?

Please
stop eating
that fire
Unity.



You sprang
back from
the dead
nice and
chipper, sir.

The same
can't be
said of
the Victor
Device.



After our tinkering,
I don't trust it to
run a model
railroad.



Ooo,
can I
have it?

You most certainly
may not.

What if we trade for
the perpetual motion
machine I drew while
I was smart?



Next: new hat!



No more
souvenirs!

I came back
from the dead!
That makes
me one of
them!



I'm not
sure you're
exactly
a **zombie**,
Ms McGuire.



I've become
my own worst
enemy! What
can soothe my
undead
torment?



I think
you may
be overre-



I **said**,
what can soothe
my undead
torment?



Yes! Angst
overcome!
Let's go jump
walkers on
a motorcycle.



I've never
seen a Taser
used quite
that way.



Thank you, agents.
I hope you enjoyed our little town.

We learned a lot from this.

Namely, our zombies need stricter controls.

Are you freaking kidding me?

After all the royal screwups from everyone involved, you're pinning the blame on the **zombies?**

Yes, cuz they're all goopy.

Unity, rampage on these dorks.

Nah, he's got a point.

Reporting from Boston,
Mr. Green. The
mission was only partly
successful.



We completed our
stated objective of
reading GODOT,
but not our **actual**
objective of
kidnapping
him.



And our backup actual
objective of making
St. Charles fear its
nonhuman citizens,
opening us to future
negotiations?



Er. Mission
accomplished?

Good. Buy yourself
a cupcake.

Could you have
told us **one** of
these first, s.r.?





Sir,
about
Violet
Bee...

Ah yes.
Glad you
escaped her
decommissioning.

Violet's operator was
someone high in A-Sig,
intelligent and ruthless,
with a military
background.

Yes,
Virginia.

I just think the
next time you want
to tag along, you
should do so in
the flesh.

And I didn't mean
that in a dirty
way!

Be seeing
you.

Tomorrow we fly back
to headquarters.

This will be an
interesting staff meeting.

Virginia, I'll be blunt.
Studying alternate
timelines, I've seen...
many versions of you.
You're trustworthy.

When I escape
from Anesigma,
will you help me?

...yes.

Also, how much did
you see those
Tip's other Drs.
Lee get
up to?

Hold there,
Tip! What
you are
doing with
girl?

It's all
right! It's
just a
robotic
drone!

Ah, espionage
droid! For this
you fill out peach
forms 28-36,
inclusive.

It is four to six
weeks to process, then
you are submitting to
a blood test -

Forget
it.
Konstantin,
it's a
corpse.

In that
case, go
on in!



Welcome back,
agents. Did you
get my nuclear
device?

...what?

Ah, there it is.
Unity, be a dear
and stick it in
the wall safe
spit-
spot.

Ma'am,
was ~~that~~
why you
sent us
to St.
Charlie?

Ha ha, Tip!
That would
be terribly
anniscient
of me,
would it not?

Is there any point
to submitting these
field reports?

Of course.
I enjoy spell-
checking.



Well, we saved the city but lost the client.

I'm not so sure.



You think GODOT could've survived?

He was a powerful AI who could manipulate minds.



YES, BUT EVEN IF HE'S ALIVE HE POSES NO THREAT

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S DRINK COFFEE, A THING THAT WE ENJOY!

THE END
(ALMOST)





Is that
it for
the staff
meeting?

Y...oh, wait.
Nick has an
order of
business.

I wanna
drive
Violet.

Right Yeah.
Real quick.

KNOW
YOUR
DOTS

Okay, that's
the new
worst idea
I've ever
heard.

Ditto, and
I live
with Unity.

You fishermen are
so unsupportive.

Nick, what're you saying?
After the spring that went down in St. Charlie, I would contribute more.



With that droid as a remote unit, I can be on the ground with the rest of the team.



And? And there's a thing at the multiplex where they show old Star Treks.



That all sounds like a wise use of stolen spy tech.
It's serious. He hasn't even mentioned getting to see Violet's boobs.



Hello!
I'm
Ira!

Oh, Mr.
Rosenkrantz.
It's me, Dr. Lee.



Could you please
keep my presence
here a secret?
Annie isn't aware
of this visit.



If anyone asks,
you don't recall
anything. Okay?
Please?



You're the perfect man
for this job, aren't you?

Hello!
I'm Ira!



You really think you can hook Nick up to Violet?

Certainly.

Violet is basically a more user-friendly version of Nick's system. It shouldn't take a skilled operator.

And Nick **is** a skilled operator—the best there is. I see no reason not to try it.

Besides that everyone in the office is worded out.

Tough kuttens. Stick me in that crazy-eye shiksa.







Okay, that
the new name
has it over
now!

Long
and
short
the
it's going
to go

Hello!
in the

Oh, Mr. Bernstein!
it's me Dr. ...



Can I see please
please not to say the word
in the ... Also go ...
and ...



if anyone
asks you
don't recall
anything
just?
Please?



Hello!
in the



SLAM

Hey! Appalls!
Set me up for
D&D or ...
for some reason!

Okay, you
warned of
the ...
gonna happen

Hurry up!
These hands
need
DICE!



on ...
the ...
most
distracting
Dance







Now that we're out of the office, Nick, we can reveal the truth. This is a **secret meeting.**



We have questions about Skin Horse, questions we want to investigate without Gerville's knowledge.



You don't trust her? No, we do. We just think she's being really annoying.



She blocked my Reddit account. I'm in. Okay, but be warned: she'll be ~~so~~ smug when she finds us out.



So far, this is what we know. In the past, there was a conflict called the "Old War."



Assigned, a private contractor, has been prepping for a new war. They're also spying on us.



Why don't you let me in on this sucrose before?



We figured you were the spy.



Well, shaggy gray parkas.

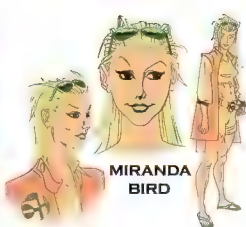


And we knew you'd cuss us out.









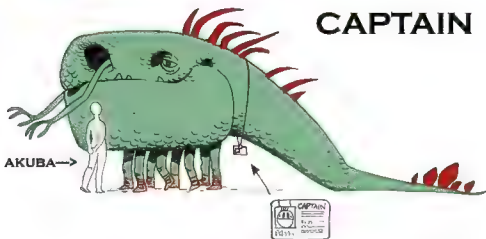
LARRY



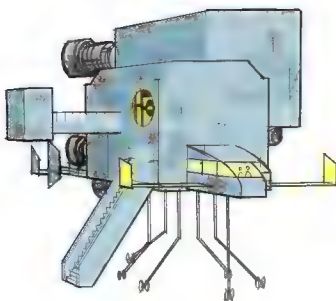
JERRY



PAG



FORKS AND HOPE







I'll puke less
if we just stay
home and look
this up on
Shadow Wik..

No, we
should
go
there.

Mustachio's memory
drum from the Old
War is missing. The
Cypress is gone and
GODOT implied the
Little House
is in danger.

Someone's trying to
vanish this. The
Little House may be
our last
hope.

Wait, ~~can~~ I puke?
What happens to this
coffee after
I drink it?

We've kind
of been
waiting to
find out.

This won't be a
sanctioned visit.
You know what
that means.

Using
vacation
time.

I'll talk to Gavotte.
You two do what-
ever it takes
to prepare.



If you say
the word
"makeover"
I will kick
you in the
marbles.

What's a
little pain
for an
opportunity
like this?







On Friday the 13th, Caliban the Soul-Monger, Standard-Bearer of the Sixth Regiment of Dagon, volunteered to remove himself from his place of residence.

That place was Hell.

With nowhere else to go, he appeared at the home of Seth Riley, champion of the cursed axe Zürrr and scourge of demonkind.

Can a demon-hunter and (former) demon share an apartment without driving each other crazy?



Seth & Caliban

"Noise Complaint"ⁱⁿ

a Narbonic story
by Smaelon K. Garrity

Hey there,
chérie!

Remy! My
favorite
voodoo
mortician!

Just making my
semi-annual delivery.

Awwright! Gimme
some skin, brother!

FLAUFH

There
you
go!

Because that is
totes what I
meant!

Where's
Gavotte?

squir's
drip

drip









If tad harsh on
the pup, Madam?

She's strong
and she'll
need to be
stronger.



I don't suppose
this Transparency
applies to myself
as well?

Dear
Mustacho,
ask away.



Madam, why are
you hoarding
Nuclear Devices?

To power
a giant
robot.
No more
questions.



This is some new
definition of
Transparency.

Really?
It's the
one I've
always
used.





Look at old
Sesame Street films
for outfits



Maria's
hair!

A black and white cartoon illustration of a boy with glasses and a girl looking at a book together. The boy is on the left, wearing a dark shirt and glasses, looking intently at the book. The girl is on the right, wearing a light-colored dress, also looking at the book. They are both smiling and appear to be enjoying the reading. The background is simple, with some faint lines suggesting an indoor setting.



Oh, going to the
Little House! Gonna
ride a boat and hear
the singing robots



gonna buy
eight dollar nachos
and get a heat
transfer t-shirt



...driving through a
storm but I don't
care 'cause I'm going
to the Little House and
it's the best and-



and I'll
be there!

So do we get
to hear the end
of the song,
or what?

CLOSED



We need
to get
in the
Little
House!
That fire
hazard's been
shut down for
months. We're
tearing it down



You can't! I'll...
I'll report you to
Whimsy Corp!

Whimsy hired us.



What do you think
we go around doing
rogue freelance
demolition?

Sure.
I do.



Who
are you
again?
And don't try
nano-infecting
a goat, cuz I'm
on to that
trick too.





I need your help,
Unity. I did not
authorize the destruction
of my birthplace.

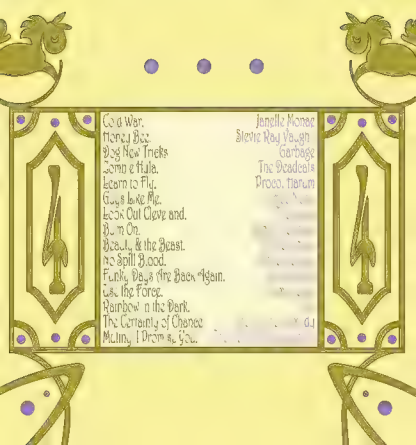


Dr. Calladi's daughter
can save me. Find
her in the Most
Delightful Place on
Earth.



Not there. You, er, ~~are~~
the innocent,
childlike
one?





Go a War.
Money Bazz
Dog New Tricks
Zorn e Hula.
Learn to Fly.
Guys Like Me.
Look Out Cleveland.
Burn On.
Beauty & the Beast.
No Spill Blood.
Funky Dags Are Back Again.
Use the Force.
Rainbow in the Dark.
The Certainty of Chance
Melting I Dream of You.

Janelle Monae
Sleaze Ray Vaughn
Garbage
The Deadcats
Proco. Harum

x dj





Okay, we'll go back with badges blazing and sort this out.

First, research! Let's watch a Whimsy movie!



The motel doesn't have pay-per-view.

Then we'll get it on a computer or something!



And where exactly do you expect to find illegal downloads of a bunch of kiddie cartoons?



Wow, your "Whimsy Princesses" folder is like 400 billion megs.

That's because I hate it a **lot**.



Okay, we'll go back with badges blazing and sort this out.

First, research! Let's watch a Whimsy movie!



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That's because I hate it a **lot**.









Welcome, whoever, to
whatever this is.
I'm Mary, this is
Gussie.



I'd introduce you
to the Mender-Fairy,
but she was dying
and chose digital
seppuku.



So, would you like
to sing the World
of Love
s —



For God's
sake, Gerald,
give it a rest.

So, what, you
wanna see
some dancing
pigs and
crap?



You know,
this isn't as
bad as I
remembered.







Oh, hell,
it's the
Feds.
Nice
timing.

What happened?
Where's the
cavalade of
funderment?

We're kind of in
cris's mode, what
with being slated
for destruction.

So you heard
about the
demolition
and rode to
the rescue?

No, we're
here to
audit
your files.

Tax
dollars
at
work.

And can
you dance
for us?

You're cute.
Don't say hell!

I wanted
say hell.



Sweet, I say the

You should've
told us you
were in
trouble.



To be
honest...
you folks
kind of creep
us out.



What? ~~You~~ guys
are the broken singing
robots living in an
underground boat
ride!



Whereas ~~we~~
are ... um...
that is...



Hate to priding
say it, but I
gotta side with
Virginia Slims
there.



I think
my dead
cat ears
have
ficks.





It's your General.
Quickly show Agents
Unity and Fanny to
the Star Chamber.



Show me the ex.f.
This place is
spitting
out my
childhood.



You can't
quit
on us!

Someday, Or you could
spite them, show you that
up and say, "Gather all video
this is place, video games
wrong— behind
Fanny Galle.



With my
childhood
etc
anyway.



Boo-yah!



Do you have
a job lined
up after the
Life House
closes?

Figure
I'll work
the girls
birthday
parties.

Are you, er,
prepared?

What's to know?
Greatest guy in
the house.

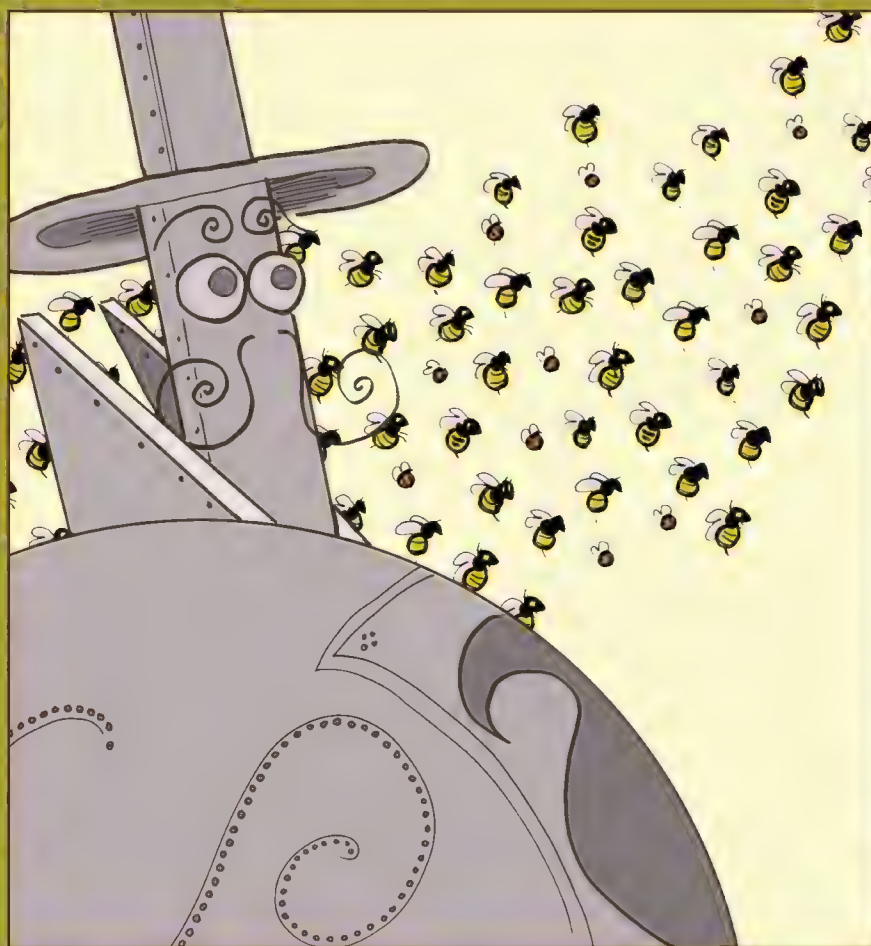
DID YOU SEE THAT
MOTHER LOVIN'
AID-TEAM CHAMP?
THAT'S CHEAP, AND
WHO'S
CHEAP!

Like I said
frig the
birthday girl
on her
special day.

Young my
new favorite
whimsy
character
Baron
Martycorn

Skin ♦ Horse

• Volume ♦ Four •



By Shaenon K. Garrity
& Jeffrey C. Wells





We came here to learn
about something
called the Old War.



Gussie's right! That
information could
be useful.

Wait, how can you
understand her?



Simple! Through
the power
of love?



And a wireless
peer-to-peer network,
but sure

YEEEEEE
I'm going
in.



Dr. Caladi wanted his daughter to take over Alims Corp, but her identity was never made public.



The files he willed to her are sealed in the Star Chamber which will release its secrets only to a Princess.



A girl with a soul pure and true
And a quest for a poofy pink dress?



Well, obviously, we're talking royalty.

Oh, and she'd better speak in song.



I hate to break it to you, but your home's about to be destroyed



We'll pull through!



Once they demolish down to this level, the EPA will freak and dump you in a hazardous disposal.

That might not be **so** bad



The other thing they could do is send you to Eurohimsy

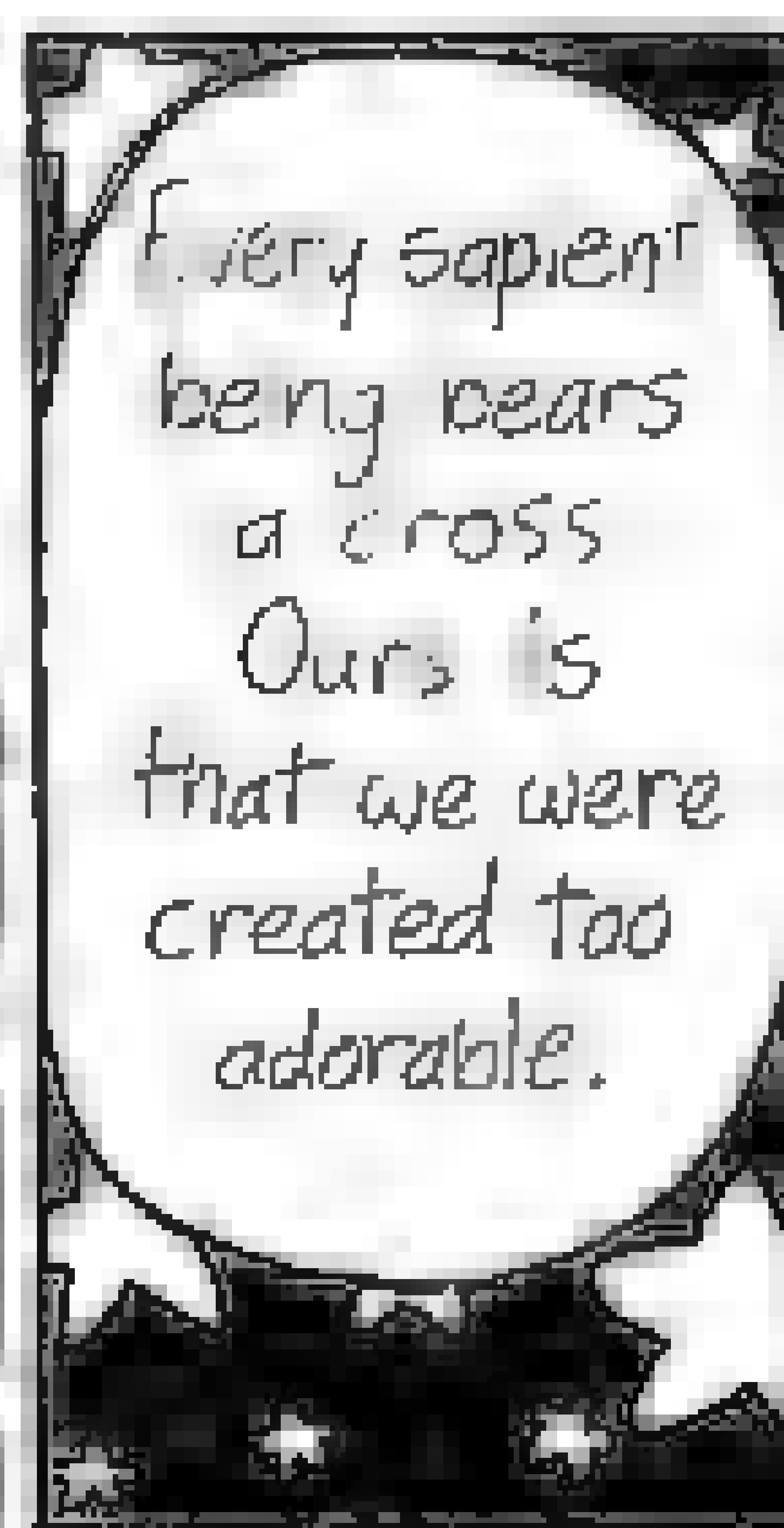
We have to stop this!



Hey, they've really turned themselves around.







Cut the crud,
Cunningham.
Let's see you.

Very well



PIGGIE!!!

Erk!



Let it not
be said you
were not
warned!

'Sokay.
Everything
gives babe a
heart attack.



I just gotta bang
on her chest 'til
it starts up again.



AAAH
PIGGIE!!!



Welcome
back alive!
Now no more
exaggerated
freakouts!

It's the
world's fault
for being
so freaky.



Okay, you were right. Be thankful you saw only me! Our combined preciousness would annihilate you!



We heard you guys are the keepers of Dr. Colodi's secrets.



You heard correctly.

We safeguard his notes, his artifacts, the identity of his daughter...



That. We need that!

Are you on some other mission entirely?



I'm ~~always~~ on some other mission entirely!



If we find Dr. Collodi's daughter, she'll take over Whimsy and stop the wreckers!

It can't be that simple.

Actually, it may be. Her rights are in the corporate charter.

And the lawyers won't fight that?

Maybe, but then they'll be too busy to destroy the Little House!

Hm.

I ~~do~~ like solutions involving protracted legal battles...

We're gonna generate ~~so~~ much paperwork!





Wonderdog and the walking health crisis have been gone a while, you think?

All right just one more round.



Y'know, forget you. I'ma go check on 'em.

Yeah, cool. You're immune to radiation, right?



So, um, see ya.



I'll register concern about that once I'm done hacking off your arm.

Machetes totally nerfed, dude.







What say you,
young slip?
Are you the
Princess we
await?

No!
Get the
pork
off me!

GAS

Okay,
what?

Miss, that P word
sounds **dirty**.

It sure
ain't clean.

Also, it
offends me
personally
as a small
pig.

Oh rock, so
I can cuss
in the
tongue of
beasts.

Nick! Play along!
Are you porking me? I aint gonna be no motherporking princess!
'Yes Please'



Watch yourse f, young lady.

No.
Pork you.



PORK PORK PORK
PORK PORK PORK
PORK PORK PORK
PORK mukluk.



Oh great.
It ~~burns~~.

Were also slightly
offended by
"mukluk."



This rude girl is
surely no Princess.
Depart from the
Star Chamber!

But -

BOOT!

We're trying to
park ~~save~~ you,
you park-parking
mukluk!

We're the
stupidest-
sounding
jaunty
shadow
agents.

We're funny
animal
sidekicks.
What's ~~your~~
excuse?



No. I can't
taking this
drone thing
into a whole
new area.

Why not?
You're
already
naked with
two girls.

Okay, **one**, mandatory
decon. **Two**, worst
birthday wish-grating
ever.

Would it
be weirder
if you
scrubbed
my back?

Yes.
Three,
you're
always
naked.

What if I take
my back off first?

That's four.

DECONTAMINATION
SHOWER

Hit a brick wall, right?

Those Star Chamber tweets are intractable.

If we can't produce a blonde in a ball-gown in 48 hours, the Little House is hosed.



My superego heard something and is frantically signaling for my attention.

Yeah, you gotta ignore that thing.





No, but that doesn't mean the information isn't here.



Wait! Signal
received!
I'll be your
princess!

No, T.p.
Just...
no.



Why
not?

The judging
panel's in a
lethal radiation
zone.



You'd be r'isking
death to play
stupid dress-up
games.



I'll show you the clothes
I packed, then I **done**
you to call this "stupid"



He has a
little thara.

Come on! I'll wrap up
a Graded-Z-shielded
gown and be the belle
of the reactor core!

Fine.



Mary, you think Tip
can get through
the Star Chamber?

Not without help.
I propose...



WHIMSY
PRINCESS
BOOT CAMP!



I've been training for
this all my life.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT
THAT, MAGGOT!



ARE YOU READY TO
BE A CREATURE OF
SWEETNESS AND
LIGHT?

M'am
yes M'am!

ARE YOU READY
TO CALL WOODLAND
CREATURES TO
YOUR
AID?

M'am
yes M'am!

ARE YOU READY
TO EAT JOY AND
CRAP MUSICAL
NUMBERS?

M'am yes M'am!

Put on these frilly jam-
jons and get some sleep.
Hell begins at 0600.

I love Hell.

ARE YOU READY TO
BE A CREATURE OF
SWEETNESS AND
LIGHT?

M'am
yes M'am!

ARE YOU READY
TO CALL WOODLAND
CREATURES TO
YOUR
AID?

M'am
yes M'am!

ARE YOU READY
TO EAT JOY AND
CRAP MUSICAL
NUMBERS?

M'am yes M'am!

Put on these frilly jam-
jons and get some sleep.
Hell begins at 0600.

I love Hell.

What's this?

Lab coat. The residents find the presence of scientists reassuring.



Oh ...

Except for the ones who are driven to a killing rage by them.



Ah. And, er, which ones are they?

I'll be more than happy to introduce you.



Have I done something to offend?

Never mind. This place puts me on edge.



On to the tour!

Tip can't be hate to a princess! get all PC, that's a boy! but I hope you're wrong.



If anyone can god about in a dress like an idiot, it's him.



But a princess is a sweet, innocent girl!

Well, what would you do?



Find pieces of a princess and sew 'em all over me!

Yeah, why get all weird?



I don't gotta **be** a sweet, innocent girl. I just gotta wear the skin off one.

You quit?...

Spirit of Whimsy Corp!
I've been waiting
for you!

They're trying to make
Tip a princess and
it's not gonna work
and everything's gonna
get all
wrecked!

Actually, kid, I just
came to say I had
the wrong room last
night. Sorry.

bink

Fridon' corporate America
can't spirit-guide worth
poop!

Are you yelling
at cable news
again?

Nick
Zerhaakker...
wings
The carp?



Be not afraid! I am the
spirit of WhimsyCorp!
Scarf, hallucinations.
Probably a glitch in
the drone interface.
This could be serious.



Nick, I have come
to tell you to
HAUGH!
DOWN! DOWN!
GET OFF ME,
YOU MUTT!



Listen,
can I
call you
back?



But what the
honey,
it's pretty
entertaining.



When a felon's not
engaged in his employment
Or mulling his felonious
little plans...



His capacity for
innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as
any honest man's.



Our feelings are with
difficulty smothered
When constabulary
duties to be done
By take one consider-
ation with another



...A policeman's lot is
not a happy one!



He barks
a lot.

I'm so
sorry you're
missing this.





Sorry about this again.

I know who that chick was? The voice actress who does Mary in the Whimsy cartoons!



I know, I can get you her autograph...

Help yeah! She does a ton of voice work for games!



Well, what do you say we discuss your favorite kiddie cartoons over coffee?



Sorry, that's never been sexy.

Meh. This is so far out of my realm of experience, I oughta do it for the lulz.



Seriously,
you didn't
hear the
dog talk
at **all**?

Is that a
joke or
something?



What about my
girl in the hoodie?
Anything in the
face region?

She had some
kind of scar—



And the ash —
the guy in a dress.
You see him?

Yeah, what was
with that?



Now I'm considering
getting naked just to
see what
would happen.

This date is
going **great**.



A bright new day!
Let's head back to
the Little House!

Sigh...

Sorry.
She
really
doesn't
know
anything

Now we've got
our nookie-
transparently-
disguised-as-
espionage out of
the way, let's-

So, yeah,
thanks for
the coffee.

I'll
call you,
okay?

Nick.
What.

Nice
Jewish boy,
I could
do worse.

That was
loved up!
Honeysuckle
can't see
anything
awesome!

Humans black
unwanted
stupid. You
learned that
in orientation.



But up close like
that... He couldn't
hear you, he didn't
notice we got a
purple Frankenstein
on the team...



All he got to see was
Wilkin's stupid nightie

My
nightie is
lonely.

Could he hear
you call him
honeysuckle?



Yeah, that's
why we
got a
date
tonight.

Good
luck. He
couldn't
see me eat
his wallet



Nick, I need you to
hack that sound truck
so we can see who's
jerkng us
around.

Moussaka?

You know computer
stuff, right?

"Online gamer"
don't mean hacker.

What are you, visiting
from 1992 where
everyone online is a
data criminal? And
if so, can you score
me a
Game
Boy?

Fine, fine.
Sorry for
thinking you
could hack
this thing.

Oh, I can.
I just don't
like the
presumption.



All right, maggot!
You ready for your
worst nightmare!

Ma'am yes ma'am!



YOU AREN'T
READY FOR SQUAT!
I suppose you think
you're a sissy-boy?



You couldn't sashay
your way out of a
wet paper bag!

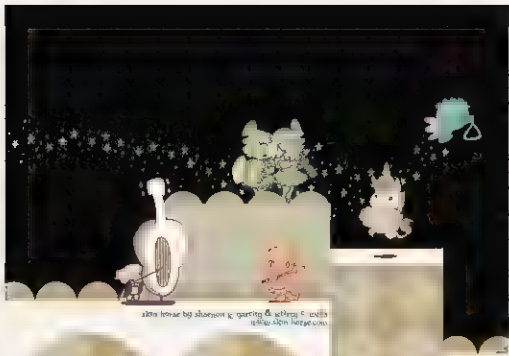
Try me, ma'am!



Feisty, eh?
You won't be
so cocky after
a ten-mile
mince!

I had a
dream once
that was
exactly
this.





atom house by sharon k. garing & jerry c. wells
 1999 atom house.com

Not bad,
recruit.
Your skill
in heds is
impressive.

Been
practicing
since grade
school.

BUT THAT DOESN'T
MEAN **BEENS** IF YOU
CAN'T BOND WITH
THIS SONGBIRD!

Yes Ma'am!

Um.

So a vital pr'ness
skill is... Necromancy.

We've got to stop
storing the songbirds
next to the uranium
rods.

All right, manly-boy!
Next you're going to
show me how sweet
your voice is!



Princesses need to be
able to charm the
world with song! Gussie
here will demonstrate!











Things went to hell, covered were
 under the table
 under the table.

Where got mad, doing
 everything, water
 pumps, all soldiers
 were from CPJ

You're sure
 200 say
 not

happy
 why
 pants

vacators

Is it all
 wrong? You
 tell her,
 Gussie



It's your funeral.
 Where take
 Agents in to
 find the Star Chamber.

SCREE

Show
 me the ~~the~~
 the part is
 133ps ago
 on my
 childhood.



You can't eat
 the mission.



Boo yah!
 Transcend that
 Madonna!

Can be with
 Some body's
 gotta stand up
 to say this
 is just plain
 wrong -



Or we could
 show you the cards
 to see who
 games hidden behind
 the
 Rarities
 removal

Wah, my
 childhood
 would destroy



So do you have
 a good red up
 around us to the house
 names?

I got
 can do the
 girls
 birthday
 parties.



Have you
 ever done
 this
 before?



What's to
 know? To
 see who is
 in the
 99 in the
 p.m. - SPK



OH MY FREAKING
 GOD, DID YOU SEE THAT
 NOTHING! NO
 RED TEAM
 CAMPER! THAT'S
 CHEAP YOU
 PUS-LICKING
 WHORE!
 (HEAP)



It's not
 like I'll frog
 no brider
 get a new
 special day



You're my 1st
 favorite Whimsy
 number Border
 Viscor.



What you're saying is, the corporation **itself** is alive.

And it doesn't like its CEOs messing with the little house!



Why **do** they want to tear it down, anyway?

Because it's falling apart?



Radioactive? A public health hazard? An ecological disaster? Tacky?



None of that stuff would bug them.

And it's not turning a profit.

Oh.







If Dr. Wilkin
is lucky
someday he
may become
you













Well, so far
you've been a
remarkably
princessy
fellow.

Thanks,
I get
that
a lot.



Only one test
remains:

Mm-hm...

The Purity
Test!



Our princess must
be pure in deed
as she is in spirit!
Begin the
test!



You may
want to
start
a fresh
pot of tea.

Question one:
Have you
ever kissed...
**with
tongues?**



YOFFIE

Well?

Is Tip
a
princess?

The candidate is...
not a princess.
He is... **very much**
not a princess.

In fact, I'd say he's
as far from being
a princess as one
can be without
going
blind.

This is a
sex-negative
framing of
princesshood.

We were
built
in 1964.
What do
you want?

I've got to
roll in mud until
I feel clean.



I ~~said~~
I wasn't
gonna
do it!

You're the
only one
who can!



You can pass the
tests. You can
survive the
radiation. And, let's
face it, ~~you're~~
you look
the part.



This is hard for me
to say, but...

You're a better
princess than
I, Nick.



You know we have
two ~~actual~~ girls on
the team, right?

Hush.



You're a
caffeinated
freak, Wilkin.
I dunno why
Dr. Lee gets
off on you.

What's
Virginia
got to
do with
anything?



What? Nothing.
Shut up.

Besides, **you're**
the one she always
talks about.



She told me you're
the bravest man
she knows. I can't
quite say I
understand it,
but—



I'm in.
Gimme
the tiara.

With that
outfit? **You are**
brave.





I'm sorry you didn't
get to be a
princess, Tip.

Now Nick's gonna
get all dolled up
instead, and...Tip?
Are you
okay?

Tip
...?

MAKEOVER!!

Wheee! cutting
wrecks, man.





Red Squadron!
Secure those beads!

I'm baffled by how
good this looks.



If I can sew on my
own nose with my
teeth, I can sew a
dress. Now what're
you
doing?



I'm providing
managerial oversight.

C'mon, babe!
You're got a
princess skill!



Nick, I
have to
teach you
The Mikado

Don't got
time to
read
manga.



Paint the pretty face
Dye the coral lip
Emphasize the grace
Of her ladyship!

What the
hell no.

Sprinkles.

Sampled the pink
Kool-Aid after
all, huh?

Man, I thought you
were cool. Turns out
you're as much of a
vagina as
you look.

Am I seriously getting
manliness lectures from
a tiny
unicorn?

P.S. This horn
is a phallic
symbol.

You watch
your mouth,
Baron
Mistycorn!

I'm just
alerting the
world to the
extreme
gayness of the
situation.

Oh
no,
you.

Not being afraid
to like the stuff
you like isn't wrong.
It's **real**.

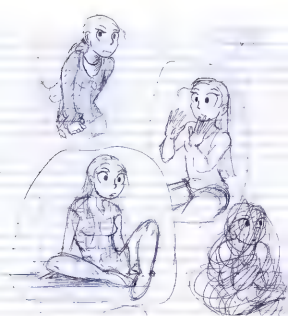
And if being a
grown-up who likes
cartoons is gay,
then brother, I'm as
gay as Nick is!

Aren't you literally
like ten years old?

And also
maybe kinda
gay?

Yup!

Your
point?





Say it ain't
so, bruh!
Tell me you're
badass!

No! Admit
you're cute
and it's
awesome!

No.

No to
what?

No to
all
yalls.

LEAVE!

I know what I am.
That's like my one
thing I know. And I
don't give a rat's arm
who likes
it.

LEAVE
SCAM!

That.
Was so
badass.

That was
so cute!

LEAVE!
Ah, brew it.
Where's my dress?



Puddings mean about
Whimsy cuffling with the
source material. But I
didn't have no storybooks
as a kid. The cartoons
is all I know.



I remember Princess
Marleen was in rags
when Whimsy the
Mender-Fairy sang to
her. It wasn't about
gowns
and
mist.



Shoe was flown
up and she could
fix it, was all. I'm
thinking that's what
this princess lunc
today is really
about.



That said,
could you
swear less?
If only for
clarity's
sake.



This is the Vault.
Not even I know how
to open this door.

It's okay.
I'm here.

Click
Bzzzzzz

An assertion of
identity! Of course!

And a line from "Mary
and Gussie and the
Golden Key." You guys
watch your movies?

Wnoo.

It seems my creator was quite the archivist

Hey, that's one of Maastach's memory drums!

Are you going to take it?

Fox no! Remember what happened when Princess Janika took the jewel from the Glittering Garden in

"Whom's Fear?"

Er. No.

You were in that one, Cunningham.

Let's Dress Nick

IN ALL MY FAVORITE
COSTUMES FROM
COMIC-CON!



STAY-PUET
MARSHMALLOW
GIRL!



GUY RIDING A
VELOCIRAPTOR!



VANELLOPE
VON SCHWEETZ
DRIVING HER
SUGAR BUSH
CAR!

I want my
dinosaur back.



A WHOLE
BUNCH OF
TARDISES!

Tardis?

CHRISTIAN
PICKETER
OUTSIDE THE
CONVENTION!



LADY
OSCAR!

Is this drag?
There's like six levels
of gender & cocky
here.



LUM!
THE CLASSIC!

This rides up
in places that
should not be.

HUMAN
LADY
RAINICORN!

rainbow
wig



You just like
putting me in
sissy & shifts,
yes?





Um.
Guys?

Holy crud,
it worked.

So this is it. The
secret of the Old War.

The truth about
Colodi's daughter!

The answer to
every question
we have...

Don't get your
hopes too
inflated.
Looks like it's
about ten
minutes long.

That's the
prettiest
laserdisc
I ever
seen.

You did it.
You really
did it.



I'll set up the
projector in the
White Room.

Care
to join
us?



I can't believe
I'm about to
see him again.



"Mary and Gussie on
the Glass Mountain".

Okay, okay.
I can't not
be cute.



So what're we hoping
to see? What'd I get
my hair
did for?

Hopefully?
Answers.

Realistically, who
knows? I don't have
high hopes for a
lead to a madman
from a homicidal
computer.

But **something's**
going on, and I
want to know
what.

And you got your hair
did because it looks
Fabulous.

Shh!
It's starting!







The first of these is the fact that the
 system is not a simple linear system.
 The second is that the system is not
 a simple linear system.



Answer:



It is indeed the
most of a century
in every sense
and for that
reason.



For my part, I have
nothing of a century
and none of the spirit
which is the only
thing that matters.



But a few years
ago, I was in
the middle of a
great deal of
work, and I was
in the middle of
it.



It is really all over
the world, but I want
to see it all over
the world.



The morning after the
 night before, I was
 sitting in my room,
 looking out the window,
 thinking of the things
 that I had seen and
 heard the night before.



I had seen a lot of things
 that I had never seen
 before. I had seen a
 lot of things that I had
 never seen before.



I had seen a lot of things
 that I had never seen
 before. I had seen a
 lot of things that I had
 never seen before.



Sorry & I'm Angry
and here I wish I
could tell you more

Now! Explain
the war stuff.

Rep's
almost up

Even now, forces
are gathering against
you in industry
in government

And it's
from the '60s
who knows if
any of 's is
still really -

Whatever you do,
don't trust Project
in course

Uh-oh.

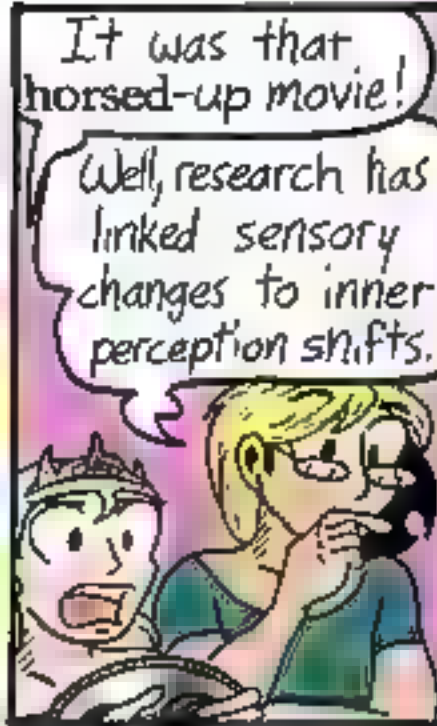


Scientists are
our friends.

They use
big words.

Big words
are scary!
Hug me!







Babe,
what the
hell?

If Collodi was
right, we're
doing no good
here anyway.



But saving the
cute robots --

Wasn't what we
came for in the
first place.



We came here to
find out about the
Old War. Now we
need to plan our
next move.



My next move is to hold
my breath until you save
the cute robots.

You're dead. You
don't need air.



We can't
just
leave...

I took
this job to
be of
service.

Now it turns out we
may be doing harm
just by being here.
These people don't
need our agency's
help!

Maybe not, but
they need **ours**.

Can't..
look...
at the
eyes...

That's it, guys!
Bigger! More
quivering!







Ahm, Sweetheart, just a quick check to see—

We're out of time! I know!

Aside from the filmstrip, I don't see any reference to Collodi's daughter. Half these "files" are gibberish anyway.

I mean, this is just a pile of Pall Mall wrappers.

We need someone who understands gibberish...

WTF?

L8R.

ELI5, FFS.

Whatcha
dang out
here in
the truck?

Looking for
Collodi's
beefy
daughter.



She's been messaging
me. I **know** it's
her. Why can't I
see who's on the
other end?



Unless...there **ain't**
no one on the
other end.

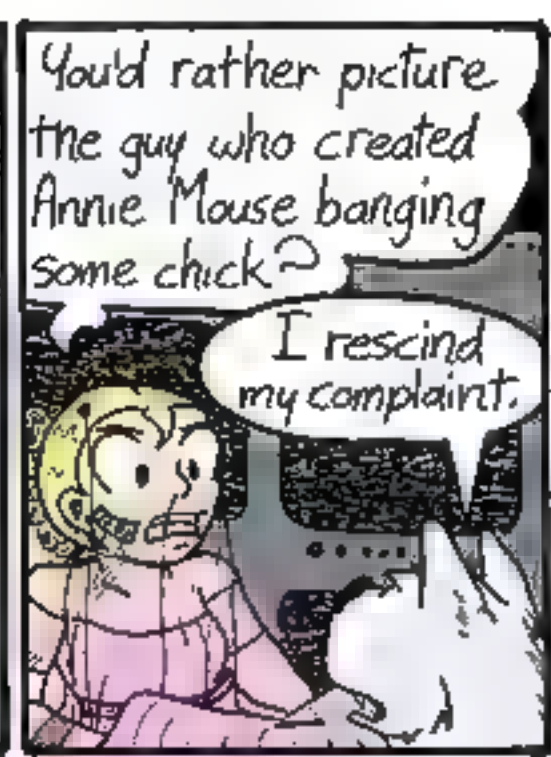
I'm a
watercolor
idiot.



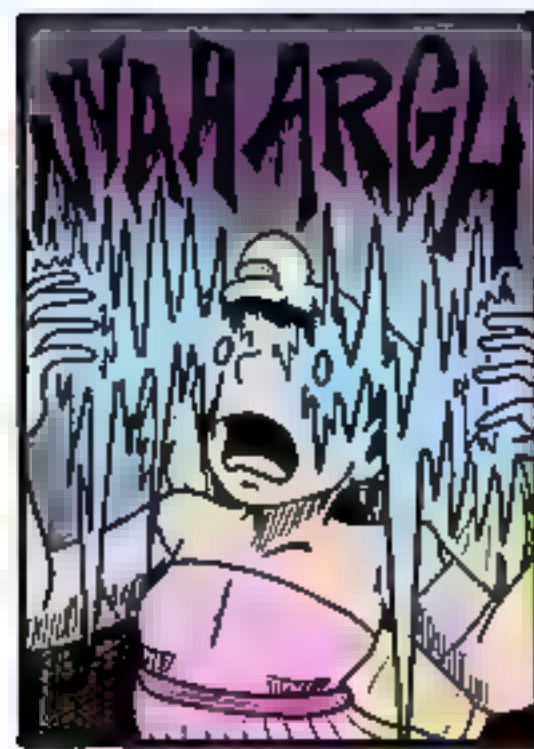
Yank these wires out so I
can run off all dramatic!

Like I'm gonna get
electrocuted for
your big reveal.









Nick -

-has been
logged out of
this unit.
He's fine.



The same cannot
be said of my
father's kingdom.
I must address
this demolition with
all haste.



Whump.



Okay, see those
waggly things
under your butt?
Those are **legs**.

I have
identified
certain gaps
in my
education.



Take me to the wrecking crew. This has gone far enough.

If you're WhimsyCorp, why can't you control the stuff WhimsyCorp does?

Can you stop your arteries from clogging, or your skin from aging?

Don't I wish.

I have... influence over my parts, but this is more direct. Like a human shrinking to move among its cells.

Wasn't there a Whimsy movie like that?

"The Great Spleen Voyage of Rathbone White." **Awful** Happy Meal sales.

Sir Foreman! You are in thrall to the greedy executives infesting me!



There is yet time to pledge yourself to virtue! Call off your machines of destruction!



Who do you think you are, lady?



Someone who can dish out huge salary bonuses!



I've got my bank on speed dial. Keep talking.



Witness! A victory for virtue!





Er, Whimsy, we have a message your father left for you.

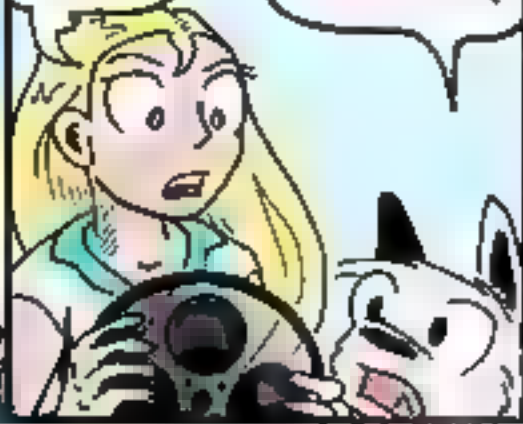


Just so you know, he says not to trust any message we give you.



And if I solve this cunning riddle, what boon do I win?

This is real life. You just win more confusion.



Um, I guess you'll be wanting to keep the drone?

Indeed not!

As useful as this has been, I have no desire for human guise. I shall seek an interface already embedded in the Whimsy structure.

I have but two missions in this interface. First, the restoration of my birthplace to its proper glory.

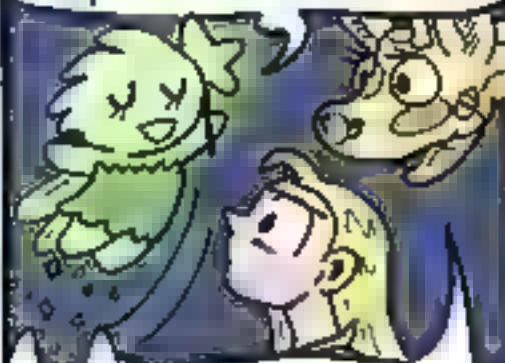
Second, smooches.

All right, but only if you tell me where you got those shoes.

Nick? Like I been
How're you cold-cocked
feeling? with a kitten.
Where's the daughter?



Hello, Princess! Behold
my permanent interface!



You honor the
Mender-Fairy's memory.
Sorry she's not in
better repair.

This body
seems in
fine
shape.



It sheds
beta
particles
like a
sumbitch.

I thought
this was
pixie
dust.

Which
reminds me,
we need to
restock on
iodine pills.





A Project Saiyuki

¡Goku! ¡Goku!

¡Goku!

¡Goku!

Te no has explicado
la razón por la que
tu excursión va a
afectar nuestro
presupuesto.

Encontramos Saiyatin
Dina

Yo pude encender
una fogata!

A Project Saiyuki
Manga Fan comic
by
TobeyHobby

Saiyuki is copyright
Shueisha Inc. and
Akira Toriyama

I have viewed my father's film. It seems I cannot trust your agency.

We're not sure we can trust our agency either.

But should you ever cut ties, Whimsy will welcome you.

Yes!
I quit!

Unity, no. We have a duty to learn the truth about Skin Horse.

But **Songs!**
And **piggie!**

I was just being polite.

We're sticking to our misplaced sense of integrity

With a Whimsy salary, we could **buy** integrity.

Gussie and I would like you to have a small parting gift.



I don't know if this war business is for real. If so, we may find ourselves on different sides.

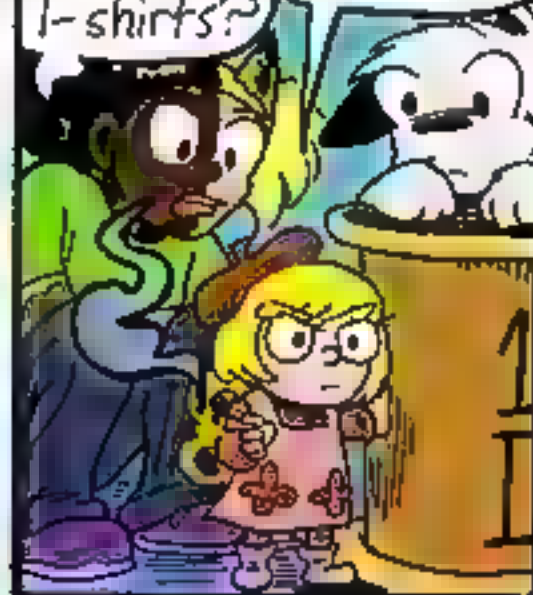


I hope this will help you choose the **right** side. That's all we can give you.

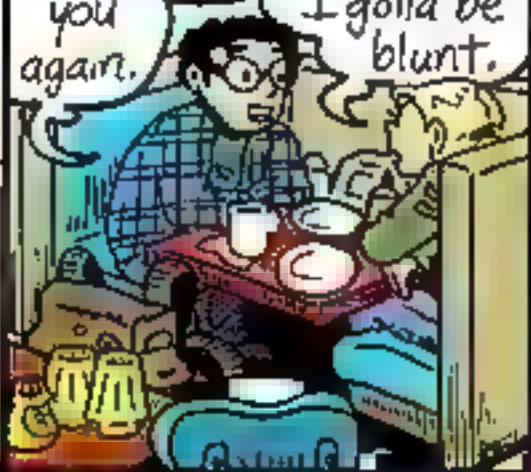


Can we also have T-shirts?

That, and T-shirts.



I know you're headed back to Washington, but I'd like to see you again.



Bro, I sense we got a lot in common, so I know I gotta be blunt.

If you're like me, saying I'm into girls won't deter you. Saying I'm a dude might not either.



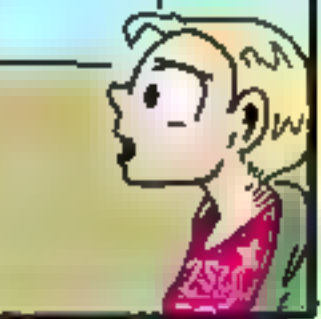
So I'mo go all out and explain I'm a cyborg helicopter and unless you're **really** creative I possess no bangable parts.



So I'll be in Baltimore next month...



Is this the reality filter kicking in, or are you that desperate?



All that work to save a creepy place we hate.

We also helped a nonhuman lay claim to a Fortune 500 company.



This is unprecedented. There's no telling what effect it'll have.



Eh, less than you'd think.

The world's full of reality-blind numbskulls like those guys. They'll never notice a thing.



Did that dog call me a numbskull?

My dad says you can't trust those Spitz breeds.

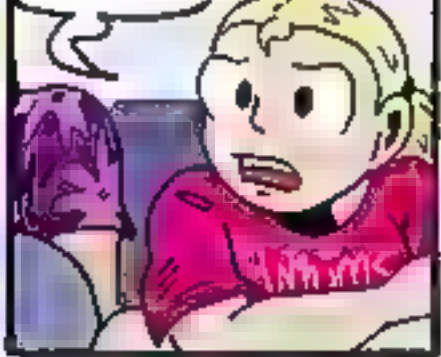


What do we do now?

I say this is where we go **rogue**.

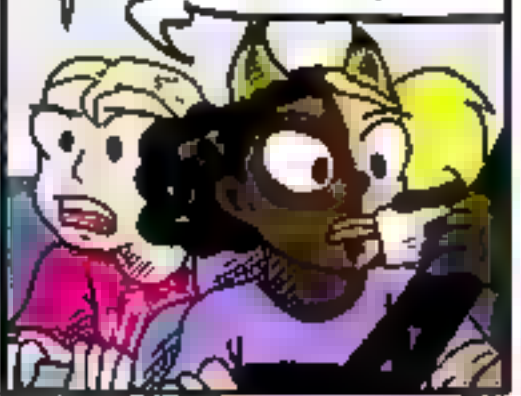


We can't return to Annex One. We'll have to drop out of society, forge new identities, and travel the land.



First we get a van—

Oh, hey, I only need two orders to fill my discount card at the coffee place.



Stupid civil service.

Day-old scones! Tip, spring into action!



Let's agree here and now that what we learned will **not** leave this group.



Dr. Colloidi's film could be the ravings of a madman, but it could be something more.



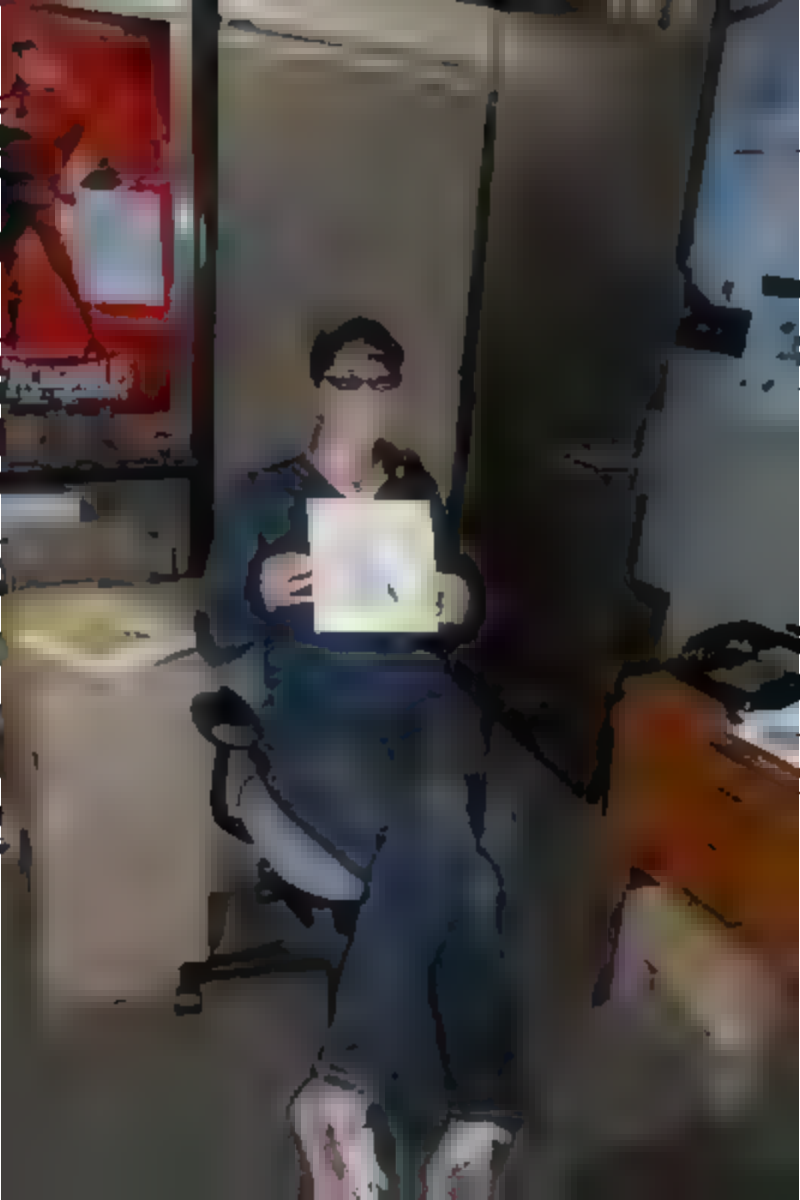
Promise you won't share **any** information from the Little House.

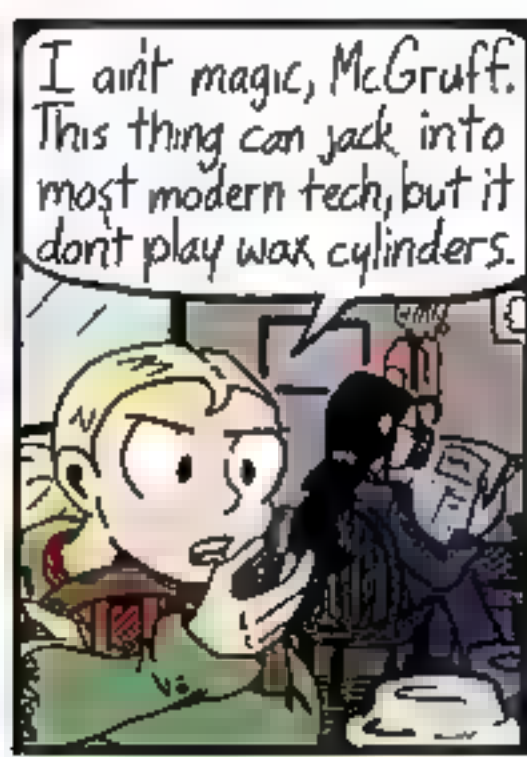


Baron Mistycorn told me the 2016 Whimsy movie will be about mermaids.

Okay, you can tell the Internet. But no real people.







You realize from now on we can't trust our own department.

I know.

We may be the pawns of forces bent on destroying all we hold dear! This changes everything!

Welcome back, agents! A cyborg walrus threw up on the carpet and the break room no longer stocks Double Spice Chair!

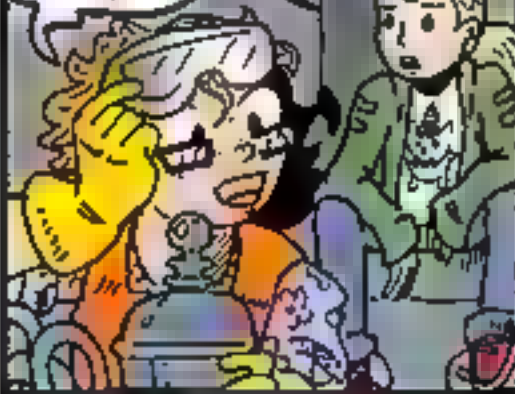
You'll want to pack Wellingtons for your next assignment. Tall, sturdy boots.

Not really.

G.O.

Well, Nick? Did you get to go on a mission and save the day?

I can't talk about it, but...yeah. Kinda.



I dunno if it's worth 't, though. It feels **wrong**... Why the beach did I want to drive this droid?



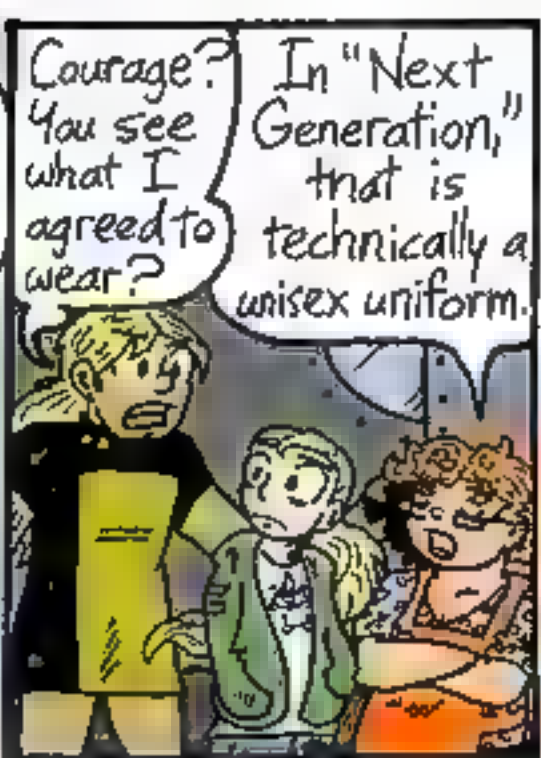
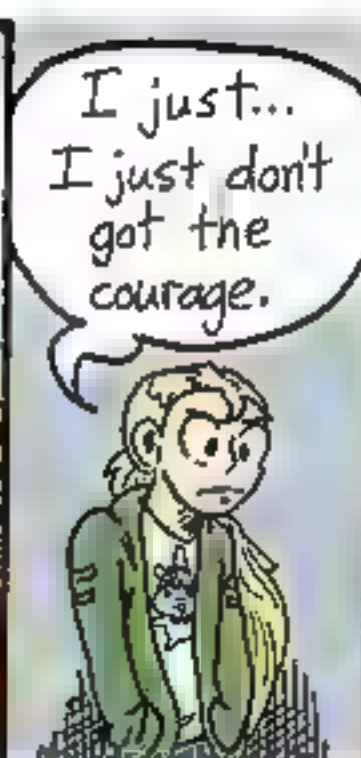
No idea. I'm just glad you got back in time for movie night with us and Dr. Lee!

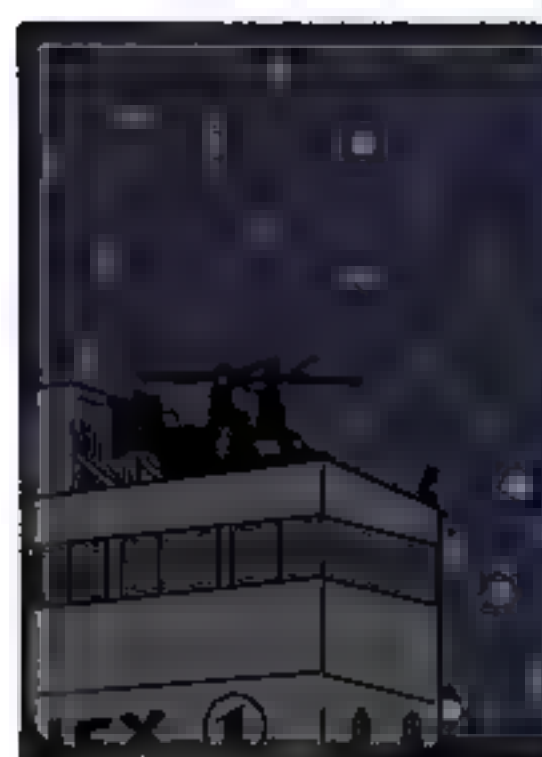


Oh yeah.

Tell me you'll wear this Starfleet uniform I got off Etsy.







I guess it's weird, me walking around like a regular human.

Especially since you look like Violet Bee.



Oh yeah...

After all, the last operator used the drone to make a pass at me.



That's, uh, pretty messed up, huh?

I never really knew "her." It was all a cynical ruse to win my trust.



But it was hawt. Admit it.

I was a flushed, sweaty mess. Tell me how that's hot.



PICK YOUR PATH #73

YOU ARE THE HERO OF YOUR OWN JOURNEY!
PICK FROM 39 POSSIBLE ENDINGS.

YOU ARE JONAH YU

BY JEFFREY C. WELLS



Dr. Lee?
Why'd A-Sig
hand me
over to
Skin
Horse?

You know
that.
You refused
to serve as
a military
vehicle—



But don't you
think they gave
up easy?
Seems like
offing me
would be more
their M.O.

Maybe.
It was
on Mr.
Green's
orders.



I have to admit,
his motives are
an utter mystery
to me.



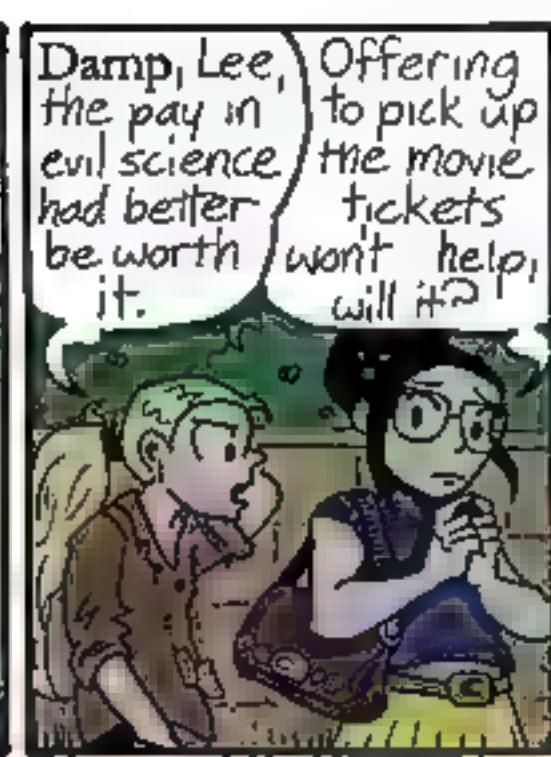
Not me.
He wants to
bang you.

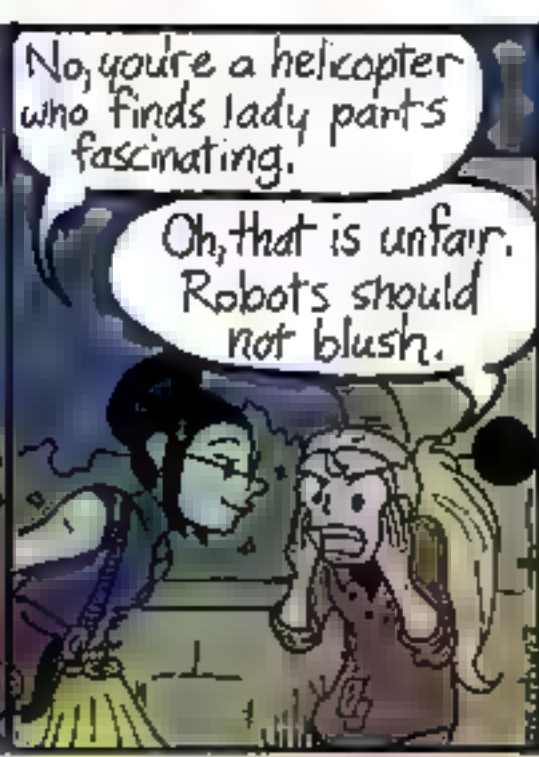
I got a
radar.



He does no—

New
subject!





Honestly, movie theaters
stink and I got lossy
YouTube rips of all
them Star Treks
on board.

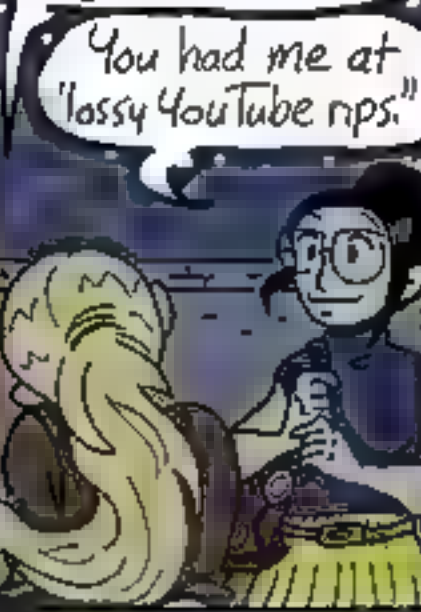


I could maybe jack
out of this drone
and we could just...
y'know...spend the
night here.



In
me.

I know we had plans
to go out, but —



You had me at
'lossy YouTube rips.'

I also got a Costco-
size box of Funyuns.



Perfect.

All for
you.

Not a
barrier.

Okay, mission scorecard:
Tip got a date.
Nick got a date.
You and me, no dates.



Is something wrong
with our mgo, babe?

It's the way of
the world. They're
princesses.



Us sidekicks never
get the prince.
We just have to
make do with
each other.



Besides, you
had that
thing with
Remy.

Gettin'
the ears
was alllll
business.



So Nick ditched the Violet doll too, huh?

Seems so.

service
is my
only joy

What
should
we do
with it?

service is
my only joy

No idea.
We've got
no one to
operate—

service is
my only joy

SERVICE
IS MY
ONLY JOY

Okay, that's the **new**
new worst idea
I've ever heard.

service
is my
only joy!



Here's how it's going to be. As of now, we're our own agency—with Nick as possible.



We use our jobs to investigate Skin Horse, Anasigma, and the Old War



We act **morally**, based on our own judgment, up to and including deliberate mission failure.



Alternately, we could let our normal rate of failure do the work for us

Crud, there's something living in my kitty ears.



I **hate** this.
I'm a good dog.
But this is bigger
than me.



Until we
understand the
situation, we can't
just jump when
Gavotte says "frog."



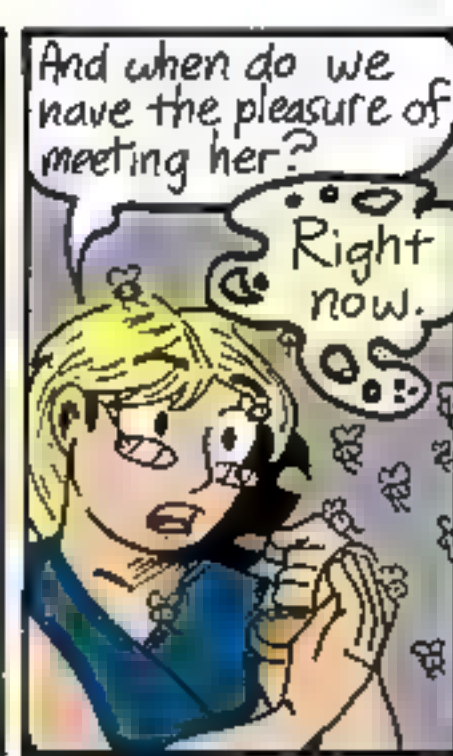
From here on in,
we question every
single assignment
she hands us.



Agents, your assignment
is to escort a woman
to California wine
country.

May we leave
immediately?





Remember the Brain-o-Mat in St. Charlie?
I've streamlined it.
The dead need no longer
feed upon the living!



For crying
out loud,
St. Charlie
was a zombie
nightmare!



Because it
relied on one
reparable
mad-genius
machine.

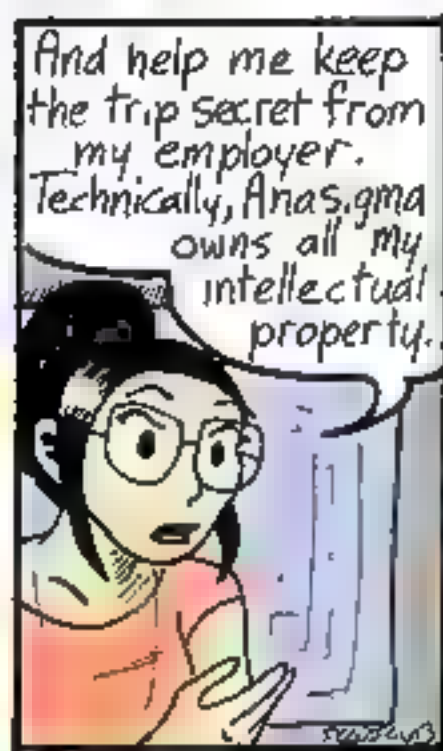
I made it sane.
It's what I do.
If it breaks,
anyone can
fix it

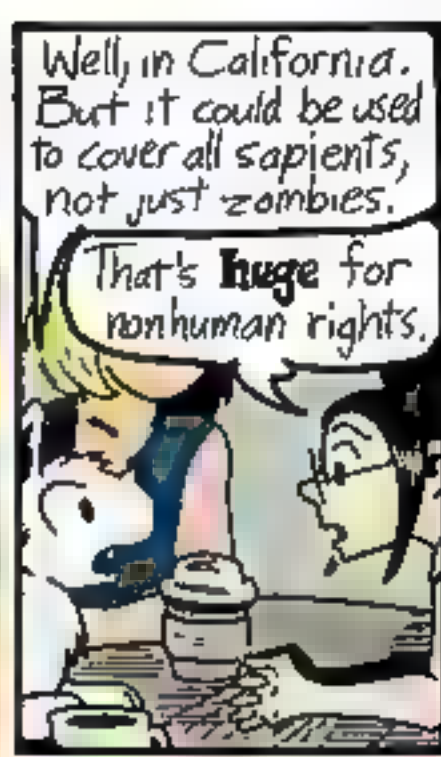


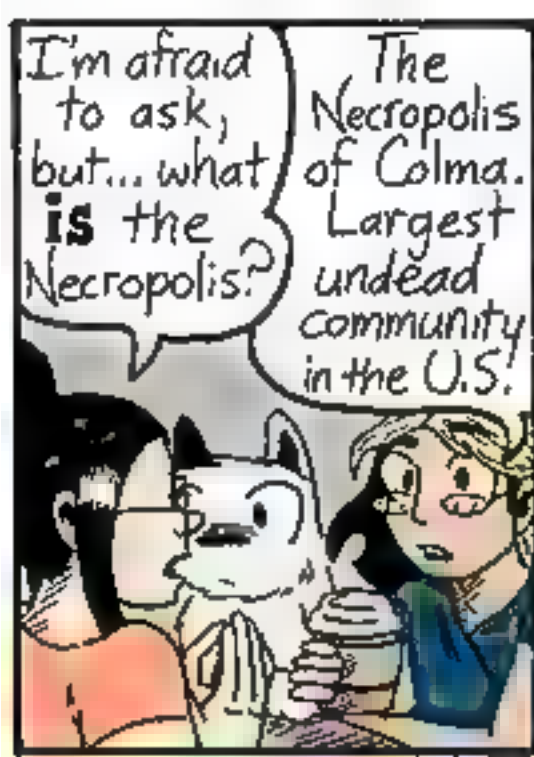
Anyone with dual doctorates
in neurobiology and
engineering.



Well, they'll be
motivated.







San Francisco has no cemeteries, so its dead are typically buried in the small town of Colma.



Over the decades, various zombie plagues have spread there, producing its current population of over one million undead.



It's an empire of flesh-eating horrors. Any questions?



Are all the pathogens biological, or has nanotech been introduced? What happens when plagues interact? Have new strains evolved?



Do that thing again where you convince us you're not mad.



Ma'am, did you give
Dr. Lee the idea of
handing her device over
to the Necropolis?

Indeed!

My secret agenda
is to sway
public support
for this Prop 39
business by
putting this
invention in the
Emperor's hands.

Wait...you're telling
me your secret agenda.

Suppose I
oughtn't have
done. Oh
well, water
under the
bridge.

Is your public agenda
to drive babe insane?

Now, now.
My public
agenda is
secret.

drag me to
coffee. now.

By the way, thanks for
doing that special
installation
for us.

It was
my pleasure!



It's nice to work on
something beneficial,
rather than
creepy
and
perverse

What
"special
installation"?



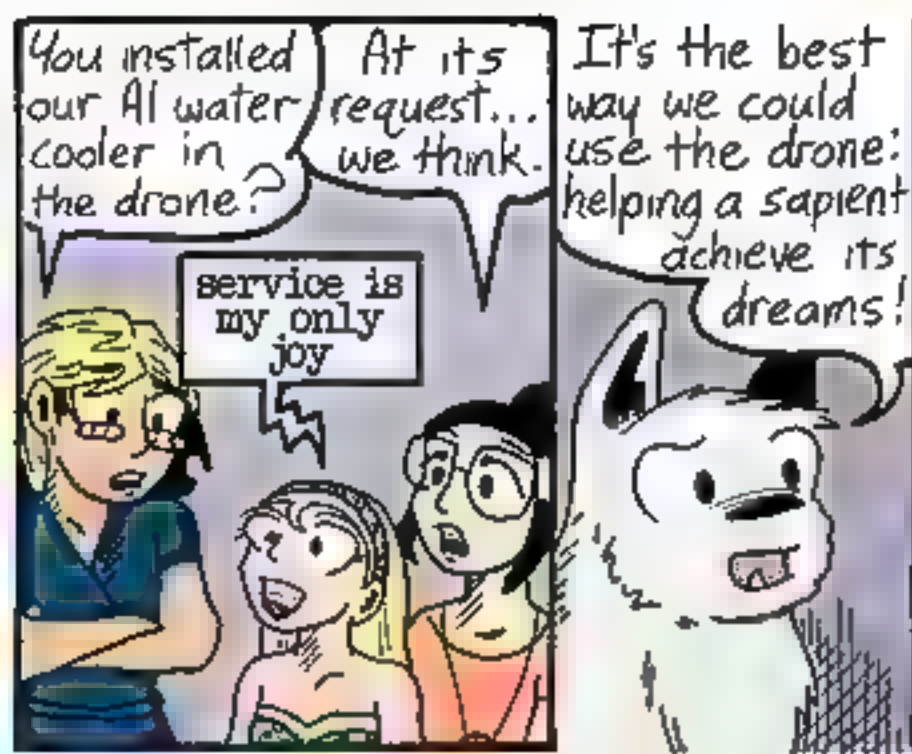
service
is my
only joy



Are you in fact able
to **not** do creepy
and perverse?

service
is my
only joy









Tip's got a point.
Having a humanoid water
cooler is... weird.

She's hot. I wanna
ask her out.



What?

This never
came up at
the Little
House!



Course not!
It was
Nick
in there!

So, what, a friggin'
water cooler has
a more attractive
personality than
Nick?



...Yeah,
okay,
I can
see that.

I filled my
pockets with
ice cubes
for her!



You can't date the water cooler! Don't be stupid!

I know, babe, you've been double cranky lately, and now you're taking it out on me.



Rrg... I'm sorry. I'm uncomfortable sneaking behind Gavotte's back and so on...



It's just that these days I don't understand you at all.



So I've joined the ranks of the Internet, table manners, and Apple Jacks.

Why don't they taste like apples?



Welcome aboard your nonstop flight to SFO. Flight time will be under five hours, because I'm that chicken-plucking boss.



We hope you enjoy our in-flight feature, "ConAir," followed by selected episodes of "Grey's Anatomy."



On this flight we offer **only** the kosher meal. Meanwhile, enjoy hot towels and our complimentary beverage service.



Ooo! Sangrias!

He is **so** showing off for you.



This is amazing, Nick.
It's the first time
I've... well...



Well, yes.
No need to be
shy about it.
Y'know this
is my thing,
right?



Yes... I
suppose
I didn't
realize
you were
so **good**
at it.



Oh- well-
it's, um,
just what
I always
do. Um.



Pfft... This ain't
no big, Dr. Lee.

Do it again!
That "pfft"
sound!

Geez,
don't
egg him
on.

You don't know how
remarkable this is!
Nick's cybernetic
integration is beyond
anything I
hoped!

That's right.
Respect.

Watching him fly... it's
like watching a ballet
dancer execute a
grand
fouetté
en
tournant.

No.
It's nothing
like that.

Okay, a really
macho ballet dancer.
Like Nureyev.

Can we do some
kinda sports
metaphor here?

These schmendricks
don't appreciate
awesome flying.

Hm. Your profanity
filter doesn't
catch "schmendrick."

Nah,
it don't
know
Yiddish.

So you've
found a
loophole.

Virginia...

Nah, cuz
eventually
it learns
new cusses.

Oh, but there
are so many
languages,
with more
curse words
than you
could ever
use up!

Virginia—

Oh, Virginia...

Dr. Lee, you're
a mishugena
genius.

You don't
get to
go on
any more
missions.

Gus & B have decided to give you a special parting gift.

Mantachio's memory drum.

Look, I don't know if this new business is for real. If it is, we may find ourselves on different sides.



I hope what you've learned here will help you choose the right side. That's all we can give you.



Can we also have T-shirts?



That, and T-shirts.

.....

I think I'm born out of this world.



What?



The whole thing slipped my mind. I didn't have time to psych myself up.



Look at Star Trek on the big screen. That's a poster to live!

I'm just. I'm not brave enough for all.



Brave? You've what I agreed to hear.



In "Next Generation", that's technically a voice without.



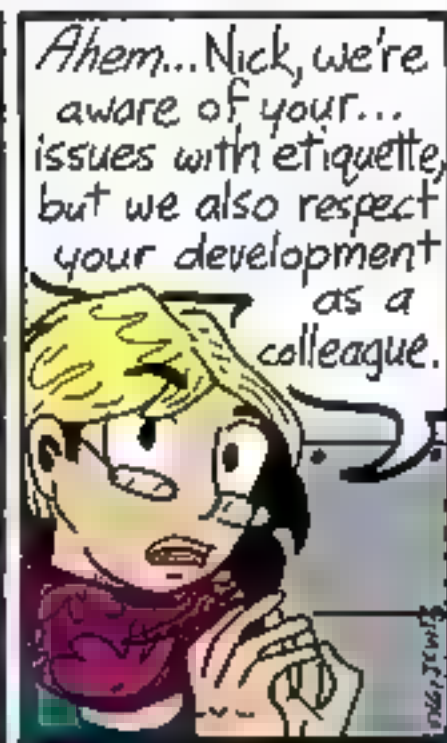
Sigh.

We said we were brave.

Am I late? I hear on the big screen you can see Picard & Guinevere are both wrong & there are 3 fights.



Yeah, let's go on or she goes to hell.



I know my presence is awkward. I just want us to work together--

Of course!



We're professionals! We can work with you as harmoniously as we work with our contact in California!



By the way, Nick, what's our contact's name?

Artie Narbon.



Or more so. Now why's **that** name ring a bell? Hmm.. something about bus texts...



Artie's our contact?

Who's Artie?



It's a long story...

Arthur Narbon, a.k.a. Specimen RT-5478. Bimorphic rodent chimera with enhanced intellect.



Nonhuman community activist. Used to chair the Chimeric League. Also? Total homo.



Long story my aunt.

Sure, if you take out all the **drama**.



Get yer tuchuses
ready for landing,
pischers.

Nick, can you
cut out the
insults?

No way. Crusty
old man swears
own. There is
literally nothing I'd
rather do on this
mission

Speaking of the
mission, how are we
splitting up the
hotel rooms?

Oh fudge it.

Me'n babe are spoken
for. Hope Tip's luggage
doesn't crowd you out.

So you're, what,
bunking with Wilkin?

We'll be splitting
a room, yes.

You know you don't
mean nothing to
him or nothing.

That's why I'm
comfortable sharing
a room with him.

Far as he's
concerned you're
just another notch.

Thank you,
Nick.

Just so you know who
really cares about you.

That room had
better have an
honor bar.



Feast

a Couscous Collective collection

Chloe Dalquist • Karen Luk Andrew Farago

Pancha Diaz • Shaenon K. Garrity

Evan Waldinger • Liz Conley



Sounds like a
speck of girl
trouble there.

Drop dead,
shmegegge.

I'll ignore the 'dead'
crack. They say you're
some kind of
computerized
drone.

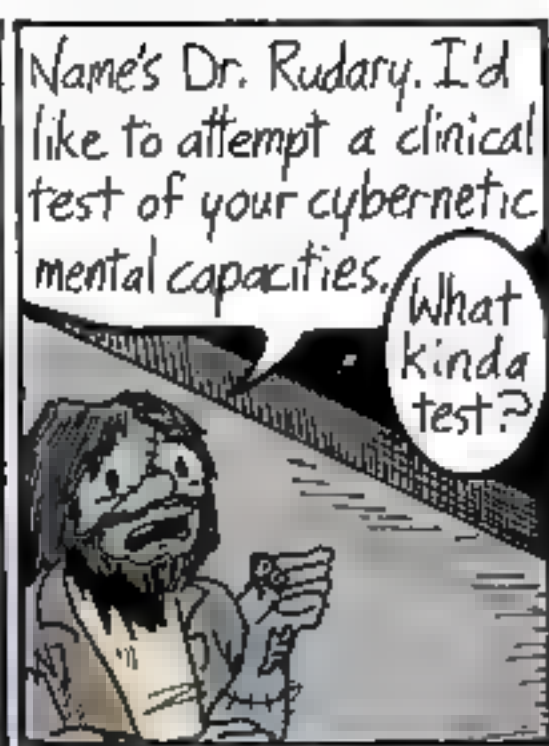
Serious?
That is
dead—I
mean,
it's wrong

Yeah,
I can
tell there's
a human
brain in
there...

I guess you
types can
sniff out
brain meat,
huh?

Well, that
and my
doctorate
in A.I.
systems.

Amazing
thing is,
I'm not
even trying
to offend
folks today.



Paired off with Tip Wilkin. What a mess.

Well, Tip. It's been a while.

It sure has.

Sigh... I'm sure he's as uncomfortable as I am.

You don't call, you don't write...

What could be more awkward than working with a woman you slept wi-

We agreed it was casual!

I'm not asking to pick out china!

Oh.

Well, you left me with the room service bill.

Well, **you** have pretentious hair.

Your personal nonsense
had better not interfere
with this mission, Tip.

Oh!
Er-

Of course
not.



What say we resolve
our issues at a wine
bar in Half Moon
Bay?

If it's for
the mission...



Ocean view.

For diplomacy!

This way.

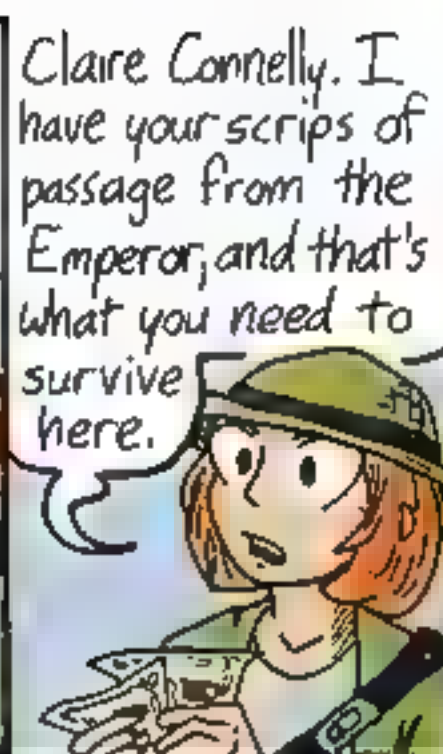


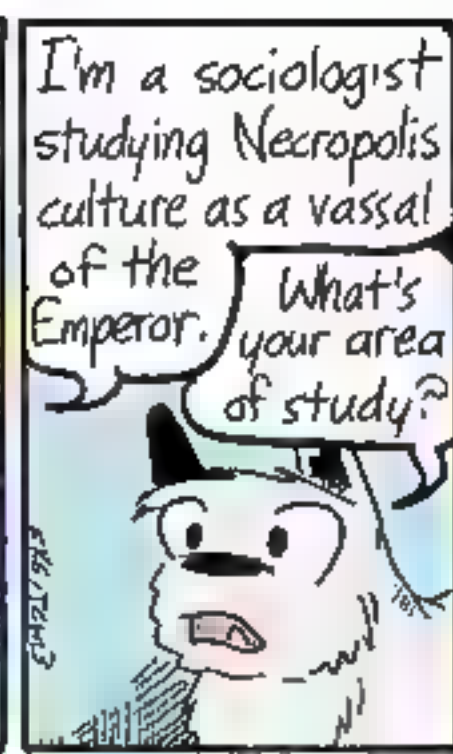
Which of
them just
fast-talked
which?

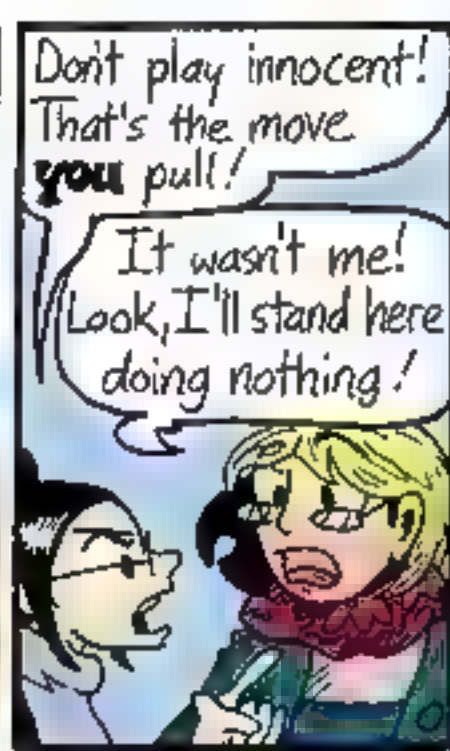
I think it
was some
double
ninja move
against **us**.











I don't care if it's
not your doing.
Mojo us back!

Why don't **you?**

I don't
have
a
mojo!

Of course you
do. Go ahead—
transport us to
a world of
romance and promise

All right,
all right,
here goes—

This is the
Taco Bell
in Pac.fica.

We all
start
somewhere.

You know, I'm lucky to be able to work on a mission with two people whose company I enjoy.



This is what comes of seeking intelligent, accomplished partners!



Hm? I'm sorry, Tip. Artie brought up gate theory and we tuned you out.



I need to cultivate some bimbos.



Now we'll talk about you in several languages you don't speak.



حرام عليك:



Getting along with Virginia, I see.

She's remarkable! I've never met a human that brilliant who wasn't utterly mad.



This will sound arrogant, but for once I feel like I'm speaking to an intellectual equal.



I can relax and speak my mind, knowing I'll be understood...

I like this thing she does with her tongue!



Mind you, my relationship with you is edifying in its own way.

You think she's a genius now...



Off with his boyfriend
and his girlfriend
while we do all the
work. That Tip
always lands on his
feet



Vah! Denuone
Latine?
loquebar
Me ineptum.

Si fueris
Romae,
Romano
vivito more.



HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA



Ooh,
like
a cat.

Yeah, those
guys get
up my
nose too.





Why do you think Artie's against Prop 39? It's just the kind of kumbayah crud he's into.

Some recent drama on HeyRube's blog.



You mean when Mr. Stuart got all up in Rube's grill?

Oh, you read it? Well, Mr. Stuart is Artie.



How can you tell?

As an undergrad, I trained at the feet of the world's foremost forensic linguist.



Also this guy says "solipsist" a lot.

Lord, that's him.

Okay, it wasn't hard.



I don't get that guy.
He's working an angle,
but I can't tell what.

It's Artic. His
angles have angles.



And now
he's off
with Tip
and our
civilian
contact.

But that
could work,
right? Tip's
a slippery
dude himself.



Ugh... I don't want
to **think** about
what debauchery
they're up to by
now...



Oh no. You can't
reference Gödel's
incompleteness
theorem and **then**
drop anthropic
mechanism.

As **if**
they're
mutually
exclusive.



The Emperor will be waiting. Where's the rest of your group?

Out on the town, apparently.



Any chance they'll cut out early?

Forget it. When Tip goes to town, it's 100% gonna be a late night



Hey guys. Know if this hotel gets A&E? There's a "Storage Wars" marathon

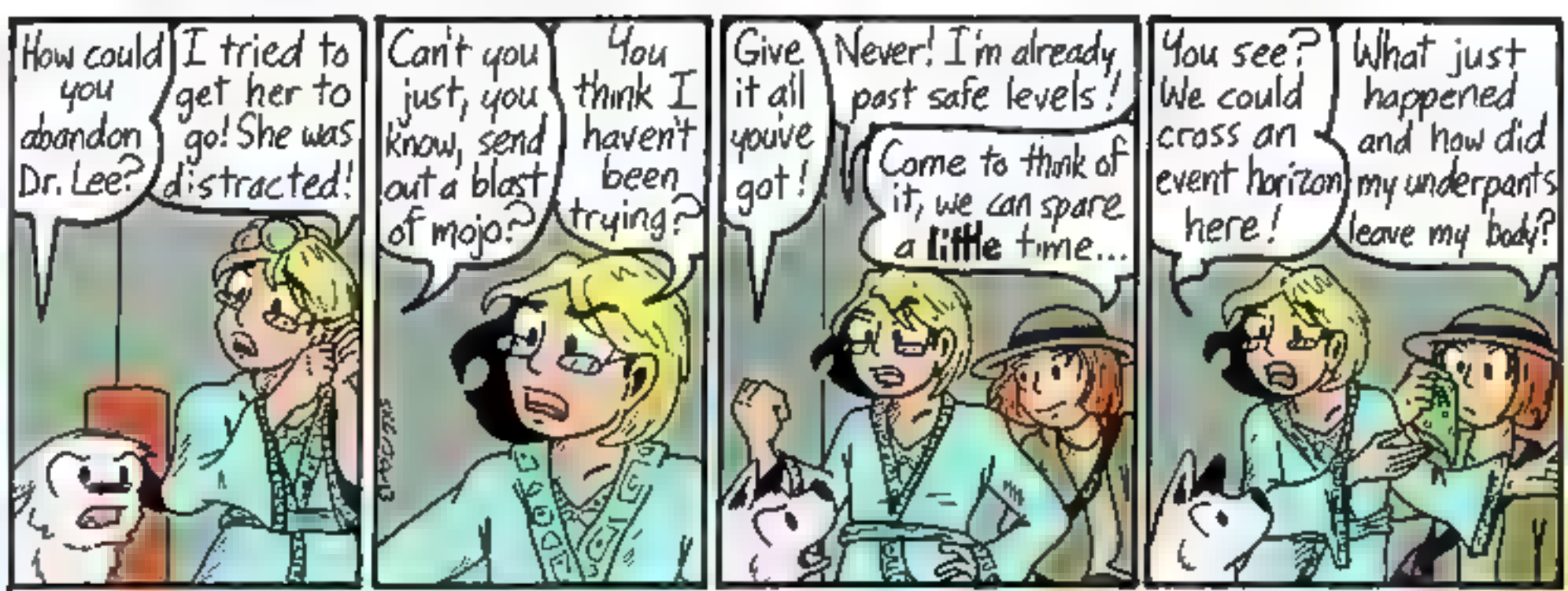


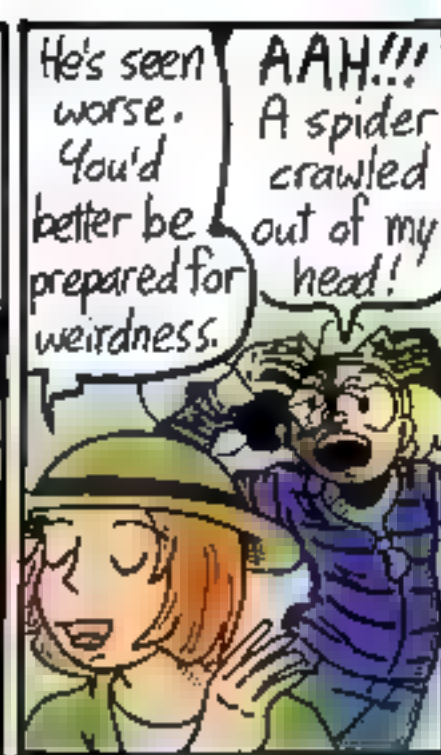
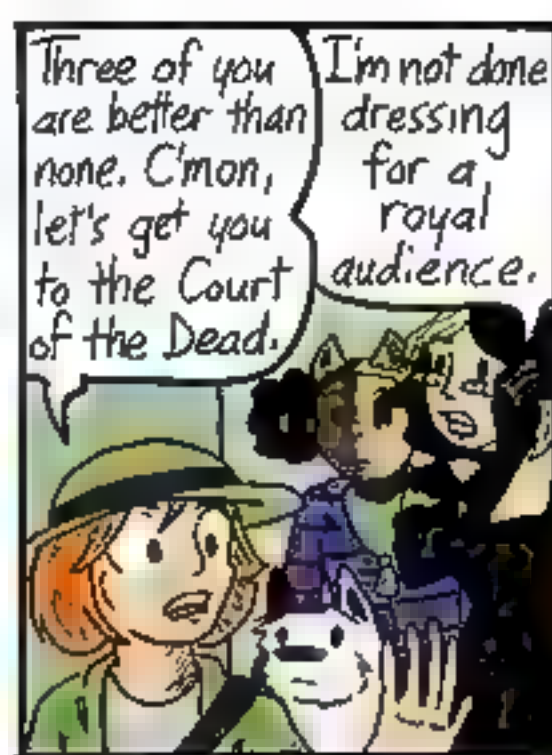
Okay, like 98%.

Ooh, saltines. **Losers** like saltines.











yip!

Down, Lazarus.
These are our
ambassadors from
the Union.

Norton I,
Emperor
of the
U.S. and
Protector
of Mexico.
Of Mexico
no longer.
It is
impossible
to protect
such an
unsettled
nation.

And I intend
presently to quit my
Empire as well.
Until then,
speak.

Omigosh you have the
best hat **ever**.

Omigosh you have the
best hat ever, **Sire**.

Yessir.
Sire

I accepted the mantle of Emperor at the people's demand. The Colmans now want democracy, and I must honor this as well.



With repairs to my bridge completed, the royal affairs are in good order. Soon I shall step down.



I am a man of peace. I counseled against the Southern rebellion, you know. I wish my last act as Emperor to be union between my people and the living.



And getting rid of these dogs. They've been following me for 150 years.



So. The device we were promised. Where is it?

Er, sort of... not here right now.

But I am to meet with the living nobility of San Francisco tomorrow afternoon!

The inventor will show up!

In time enough to ready the device?

Absolutely. Dr. Lee is one of the living world's foremost scientific minds.

Arrie! Arrie, ook' Hysics!

Let's get you back to the hotel.

Nick?
Whadda you want?

Uh, just checking in on the zombie sitch...

Well, I don't know anything. I haven't made it to the Necropolis.

Huh?
...Are you drunk?

For your information, I am clearing my head with a walk along the beach.

Still capable of walking, huh?

Broadly speaking.

Taxi's here.

Heeey, why'm I
talking to you, Nick?
You badmouthed my
slumber parties!



I
didn't
mean
—



"If you will patiently
dance in our round
And see our moonlight
revels, go with us,
If not, shun me, and
I will spare
your hawits."



Thass from **literature**.
Me'n Artie was discussing
Shakespeare
an' I
thought
of you.



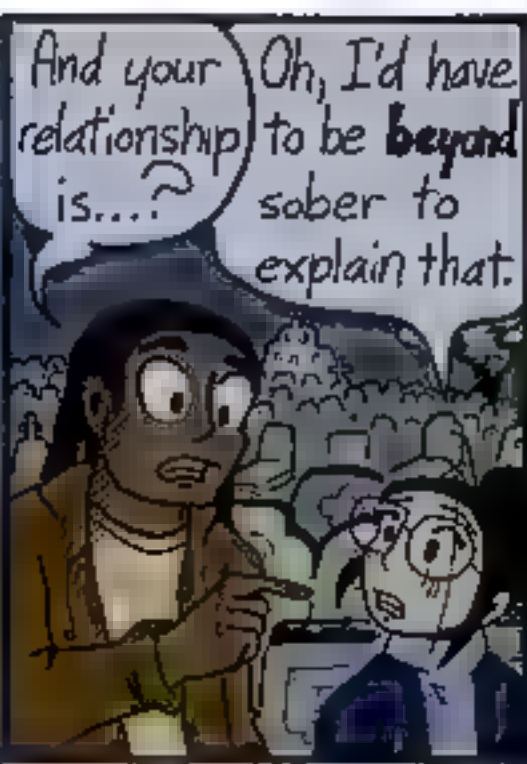
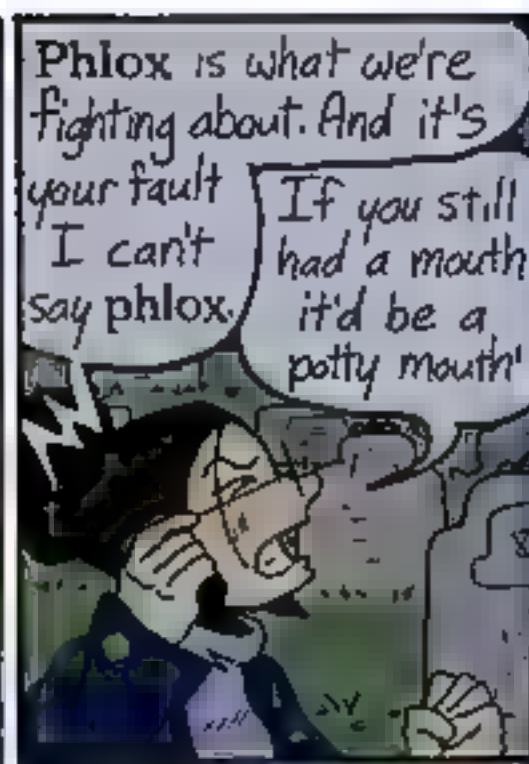
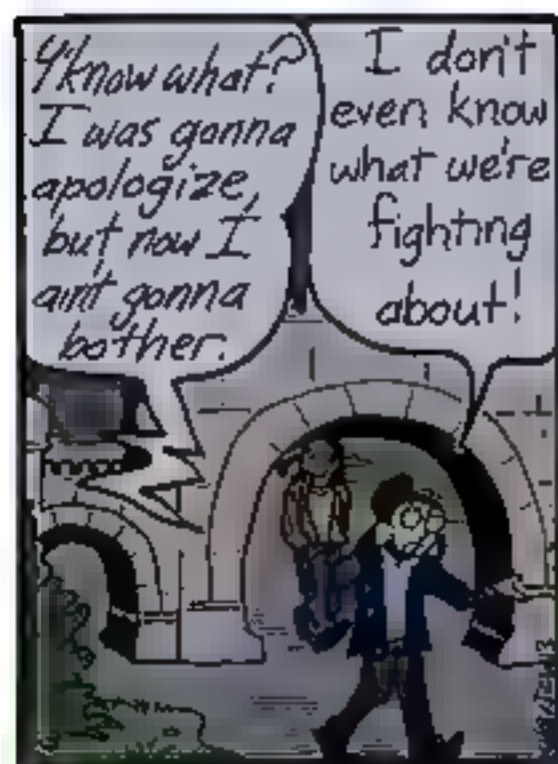
Well, he
is a rude
mechanical.

HAR!
Very
tragical
mirth!



I don't like
your new
friend.
Do I know
his parents?







That's it. The mushy nonsense stops now.

But I lost Dr. Lee.

Call

her!
Find out where she is!

I don't have her number, but maybe Nick knows...

Zerhacker. While you're on hold, enjoy this rip-your-heart-out-and-stomp-on-it music.

Possibly the mushy nonsense will continue for a few.

This ain't a recording or nothing, I'm just gonna sing.



I really made a hash of things tonight.

That's not important right now. We need to discuss—

Hold it!

Tip? How'd you get here?

That's not important right now. Come with me.

Wait, what? Where are—

That's not important right now. Just enjoy the moment.

Is anyone planning to tell me what **is** important right now?

What's important is that I win in three moves.

Mind if
I cut
in?

Hey!

How
did you
find
us?

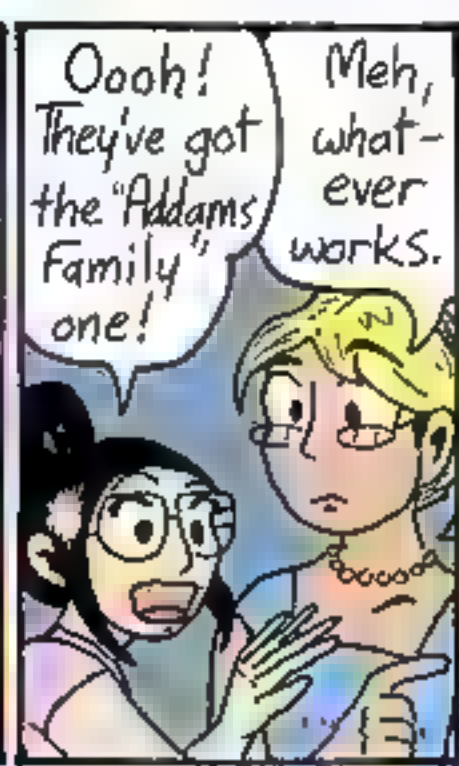
Oh, it's the
sort of
bourgeois
thing he'd
think of...

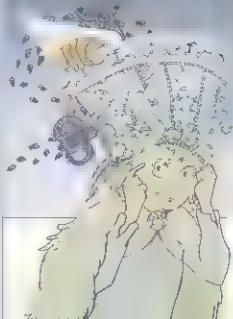
What
the
—

You were telling
me how much
you're looking
forward to this
mycology
lecture.

The line between
"evening out" and
"Jedi mind trick"
is growing
blurred.

Fried
mushrooms?





I should confess that Artie and I have ulterior motives. You're being used.

You don't say.

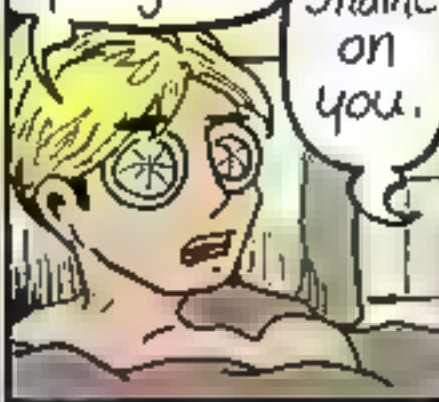
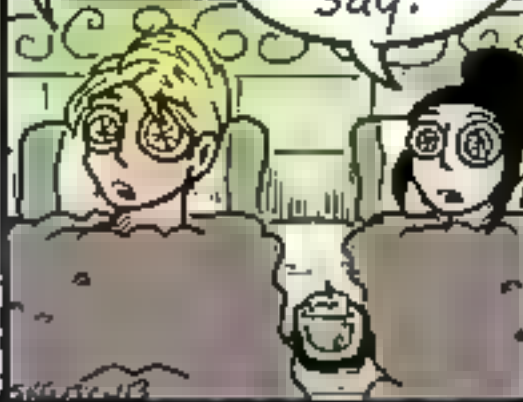
We're distracting you for our own ends, and I for one would like to apologize.

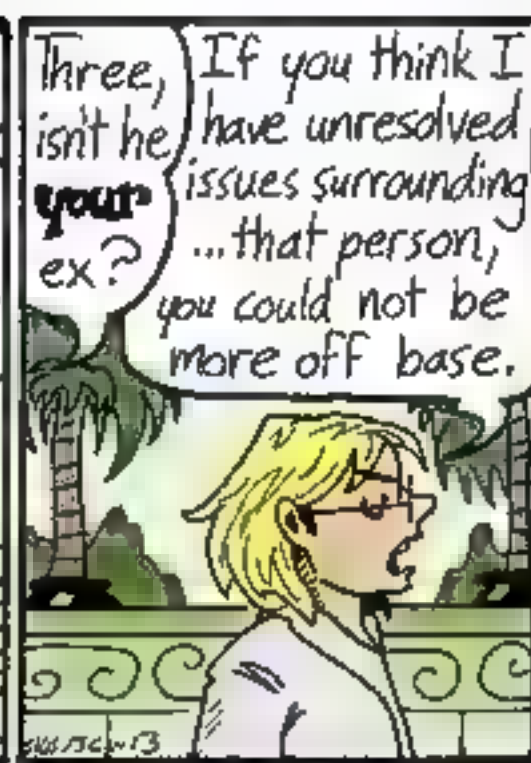
Shame on you.

I can't express how upset I am to have two attractive men ply me with favors.

When I said **you** were being used...

Oh no! Not the briar patch!





Enough. I say Virginia comes back to the Necropolis.

And I say the night is still young.

Sigh.

All right, I warned you. Prepare to witness my full powers.

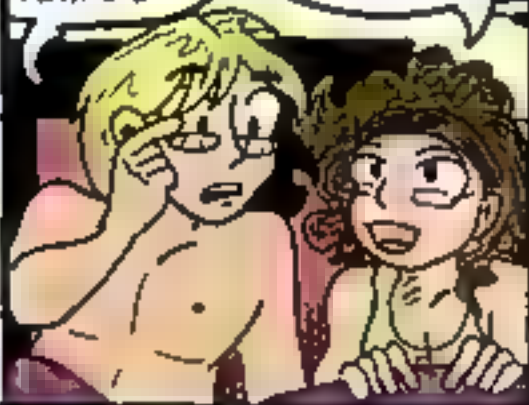
smk

Foul play!
Foul play!

Oh, all right
Put me in the penalty box.

I know you! You're Vicka, from St. Charlie! With the sapient hairdo!

Yep! Say hello, Fang!



What are you doing in California?

You're in St. Charlie, blondie.



What?

Can't stay away from the madness? Ready to give up on sanity?

No! It's just that a gerbil is stealing my mojo!



When my gerbils do that, I ask the marshmallow people for help.

Easy to say when it's not **personal**.



I need to
get back to
Colma
pronto.

Why not go
the same way
you came?

And risk
ending up
at McMurdo
Station?
No good.

You can try
Dr. Kirk,
our transit
specialist.
I think you
met him—

Got it.
Thanks,
Vicka.

But—
but—

HE'S NO
GOOD FOR
YOU.

But
those
abs!

...so after being eaten by zombies, I replaced the missing bits with bicycle parts!

Uh...huh.

I'm 46% more efficient and emotionally connected to my tech!

So you're sending me to Colma by bike?

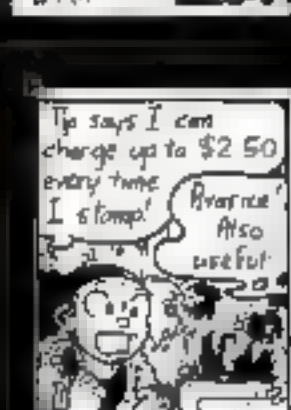
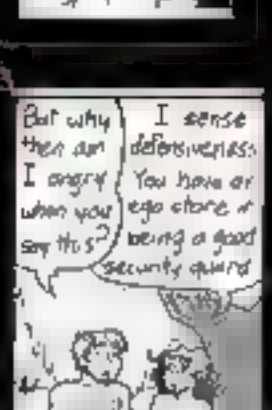
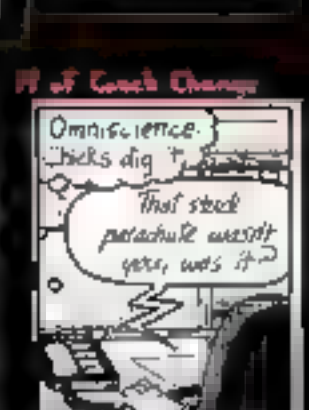
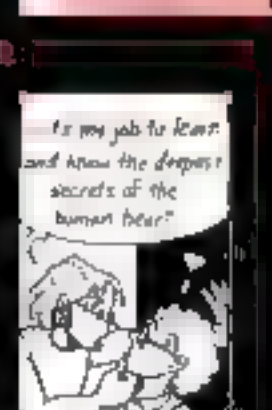
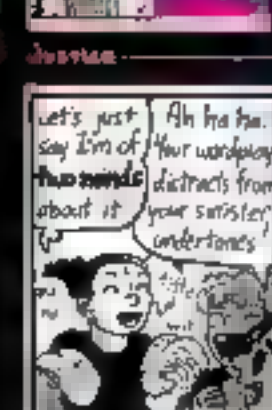
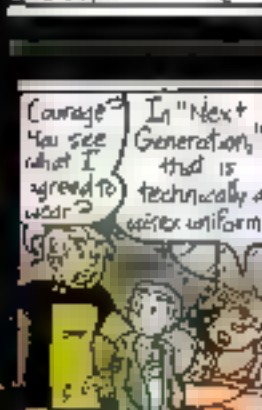
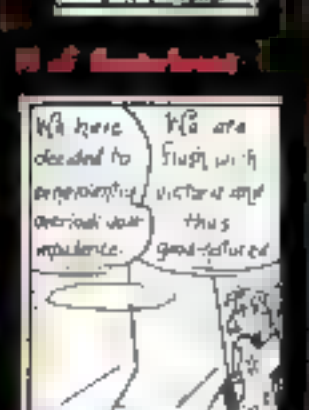
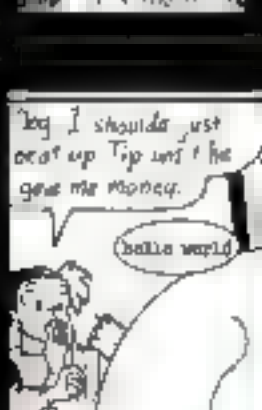
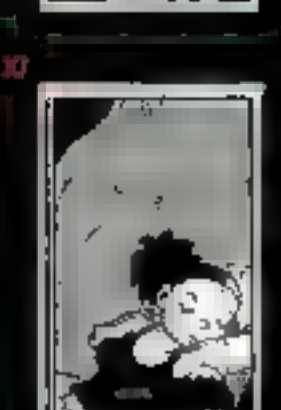
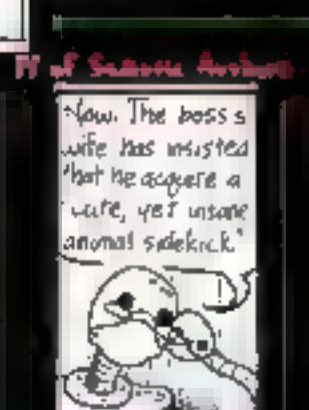
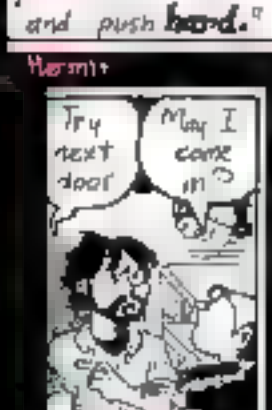
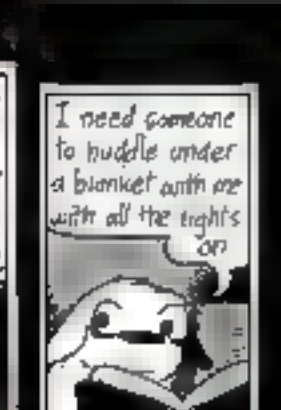
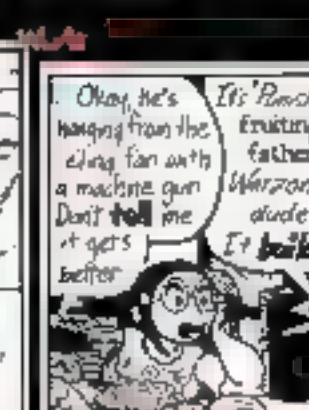
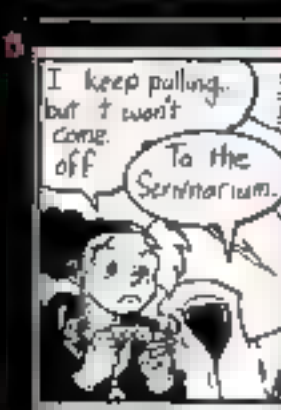
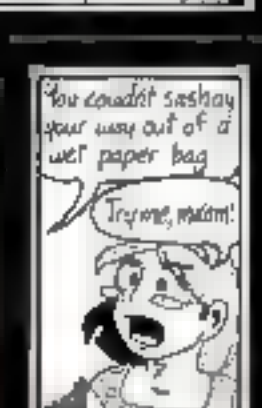
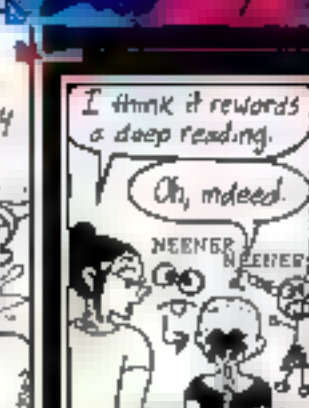
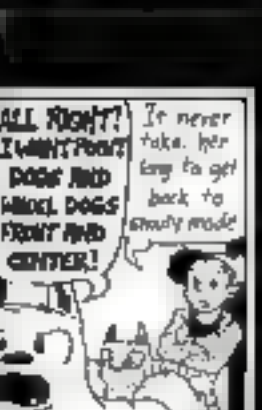
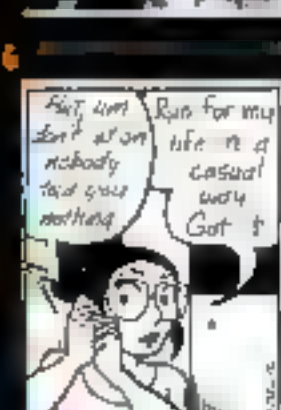
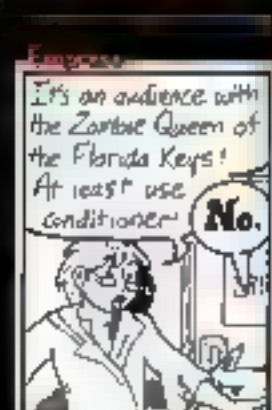
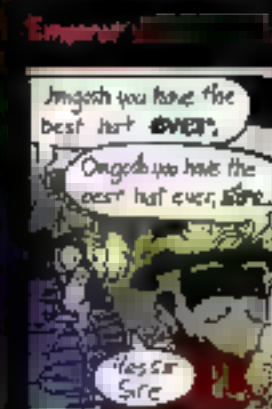
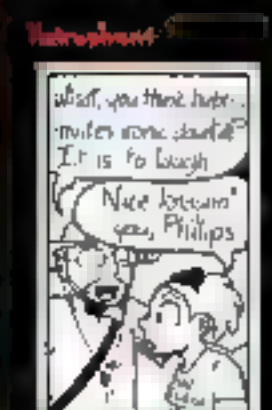
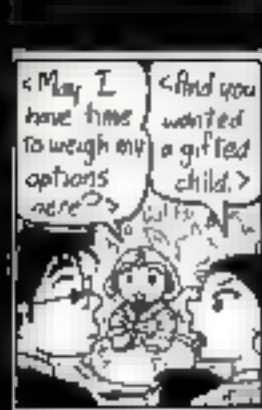
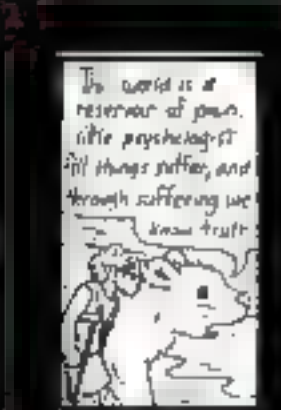
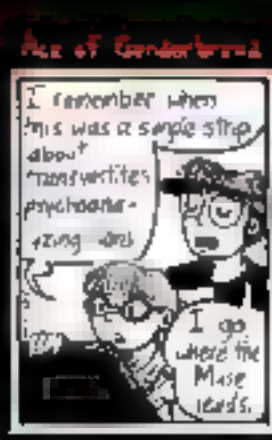
No, teleporter. I'm not **obsessed**.

What does "obsessed" look like in St. Charlie?

Thanks to our excellent psych treatments, I'm mostly able to forget!

I'd best go get my atoms torn apart now.

The Skin Horse moments of AWESOME Tarot Deck







Man, it's a relief hanging out with you schmucks. Maybe I should swear off scientists and stick to cards.

Not the way you play, kid.

So you wanna do this again tomorrow?

Absolutely.

After all, I want to get neurological data on you that has narrow chronological gaps.

Okay, maybe I'll just swear off the **hot** scientists.

Oon, statistically significant brains..

Hello? Did I hear someone moan?

That's a foreign-sounding moan, brother. Let's get you to the Necropolis, where all the dead are welcome—

GRHHHHA

Hey!

GZURCH

NOT WELCOME TO DO THAT!

LET'S DISCUSS OUR LOCAL LAWS!

PERSONAL SPACE ISSUES!

Sorry to be super
vnicist, but Dr. Rudary's
really on the ball for a
zombie

Yeah, he revived with
most of his brain
function intact.

brain ns

He hasn't decayed
as much as some
people, either.

So, what, it's
possible to get
more dead?



Well, we
try not
to be
nierarchal.

aggahhh

Highness, Dr. Lee is ready to present the brain dispenser.

Excellent news.

I'll summon one of our scientists. The Dead will no longer present a threat to the living.

wok
wok

Except seagulls, which we shall continue to deliver to Hades without introduction or regret.

That was so boss it needs a corner office.



Highness!
The dispenser
works, and the
output is
delicious!

Excellent,
Zombie
Ben
Franklin.

Pardon, sir, but we've
been over this. My
name is Dan. Not
"Zombie Ben Franklin."

Mm.
Quite.

I even
grew this
mustache
to help
you
remember.

Zombie Ben
Franklin with
Mustache, prep
the device
for display.

Even for California,
that's a pretty
unhinged leader.

I'll say. Zombie
Ben Franklin lives
down in Malibu.

You're U.N.I.T.Y., right? Zombie of the Year 2009?

Aw heck, that was **ages** ago.



I read your profile. The writer talked up your unique response to brain tissue before you ate him.

Yech, I get smart and stuff.



So you gonna sample the new goods?

I dunno. I've been getting brain hangovers lately...



Ugh. It feels like I got a giant sack of hair on my face.

Must be all those brains.



Running Around Like Idiots Inc., how can I help?

Hey Unity—

Is that Nick?

Tell him I'm, er, very busy, but I'm touched by his concern.

I'm sorry about last night. I just had a few drinks and some excellent conversation in various tongues.

Dr. Lee says she got touched, then drunk, then something about tongues.

All the dating sims I've played, you'd think I'd know what to say here.

I ain't calling to be pathetic. Just making sure y'all are being careful.

I'm always careful.



I think something's up. My bridge partner flaked on me this AM.

No big. Zombies flake a lot.



We also slough.

He didn't seem like the type. Just pay attention, 'k?



Unity! Arm on fire!

Why're people always telling me that?



'Scuse me, folks.
Name's Mark, representing
Concerned Normal
Citizens of Colma.

They have those?

Listen, we're on
our way
to a
press
conf—

The press?
We need
assurance
from the
Emperor!

Can he guarantee
that giving the dead
unlimited feed
won't backfire?

Wait, you're normal?
With that vest?

It's a waistcoat, thank
you. And you don't get
to join Normal Club.

Is this because my
arm's still on fire?

The Emperor
is doing this
for human-
nonhuman
relations.

So he says.
But the
living are
already a
minority here!



This town needs to
be a safe place for
normal people to
have normal families
and normal lives!



CLURCH

Yipe!



Wow, you think that's
a normal amount
of blood?

Not cool, Unity!
PR disaster!





Was that...
did a
zombie
do that?

Smells rotten.
Quacks like a
duck and all.

We need to call
the police!

No! If this gets
out, Prop 39 is as
dead as that
concerned citizen

We'll look
into this
ourselves
and avoid
a panic.

But you're
federal
agents! Don't
you have a
duty to
report
the
truth?

You don't
get the
"shadow
government"
thing, do you?

Am I to
understand
there are no
actual
duckies?



I do enjoy
your company.
Shame we
never meet
under neutral
terms.

Why ~~are~~ we
opposed?
Surely you
support
Prop 39!

I campaigned for
it. But then I
failed to prevent
certain...non-optimal
circumstances.

Lately I fear I'm less
focused on equality,
and more on simply
preventing
nonhuman
bloodshed.

If they
have
blood.

Don't try to
out-PC me.
You don't want
to play that
game.

It's just that
I can't get
Unity's stuff
out of this
coat lining.





-from the Union, Dr. Lee will present her remarkable device.

Good. Chaos avoided.

Thank gosh I attended that disinformation seminar--

THERE'S A DEAD GUY IN THE STORM DRAIN!

Well, it certainly wasn't a zombie attack!

AUGH!

ZOMBIE ATTACK!

Dr. Lee's right! It's killer weather balloons! Run for your lives!

If only we'd had the budget to send the others.

Listen up! Everything
is under control!
I'm a psychologist!



How exactly is
that supposed to
help?

Hm. Good
question.



I also have a
gun and a huge
companion.

I do yoga.



I'm very proud of
my degree, though.

It's quite
strengthening.



What exactly
did you see
in that
storm drain,
ma'am?

It was the
zombie A.I.
specialist!
Re-dead!

"Re-
dead"
?

It's like they
say: the
world giveth,
then it
taketh away.

Then it giveth back,
only more oozy and
decaying, then it
shoop! Taketh
again.

That's
very
catchy.

After a few
times around, it
generally stops
givething.



So the various types of zombies have started feeding on each **other**.

Go diversity!



Impossible. None of my subjects is consigned to the sewers.

How about the more, y'know, drippy ones?



We care for **all** the Dead here. Not just the respectable ones such as yourself.



Incidentally, what are you doing?

Pulling some toes so I got something to chew on. Why?



JOSHUA A. NORTON





You probably haven't heard about my mist



It's really obscure





1911 2 15 9
1912 2 2 10

RICHARD M. MULLER

SEPT 1923

DEC. 1922

DEC. 23, 2000

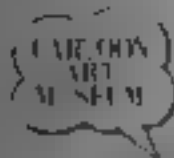




WHERE
THE HELL'S
CHEWBACCA?



Shannon
K. Gossity
2013



CARTOON ART MUSEUM





Kariela die fig die SHADON ACHTIS
 Producenten van de ACHTIS
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A promotional image for the SciShow Talk Show. It features three hosts in a studio setting. On the left, a woman with blonde hair is smiling. In the center, a man with glasses and a light blue shirt is looking down at a small object in his hands. On the right, a woman with dark hair is smiling. The background is a warm-toned studio with a desk, a lamp, and a window. The text "SCISHOW TALK SHOW" is overlaid in the bottom left corner.

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THE FOOL.

